TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1933 — NUMBER 27

WINTER FOR PRESID
THE FULL DINNER JACKET
A VOTE FOR WINTERGREEN IS A VOTE FOR WINTERGREEN
HE GOT US OUT OF JAIL
A VOTE WINTE IS A FOR WI

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD MCKAY FOR "OF THEE I SING" (KNOPF).

The Wind Is Sown

IT may seem nothing to write home about that economics (as we said here a week or so ago) is just now a public obsession. Something is always obsessing the public—crossword puzzles, chains of fountain pens, technocracy. The triviality of some obsessions should not, however, be allowed to disparage the significance of a great shift in interest. History could be written by analyzing the prevailing interests of successive eras.

There is always a disposition in human nature to make religions. Sometimes, but not always, this religious instinct exhausts itself in veneration of a deity or in the enforcement of a system of ethics. Yet often when the public mind is obsessed with patriotism, or imperialism, or nationalism, or applied science, or humanitarianism, or progress—that becomes a kind of religion, in the sense that it draws to its support the emotion, the fervor, the faith, and the conviction which accompany any stir up of the instinct to believe, to venerate, and to hope.

One of the very interesting contrasts between the rich literature of the mid-nineteenth century in English and ours today comes from the presence in the one and the absence in the other of this movement of the hidden waters of the spirit. Browning and Tennyson, Emerson and Thoreau and Carlyle, Thackeray and Dickens, wrote books in which a fervor of the spirit gave to heartfelt passages a religious cast which makes them companion pieces for such obvious examples of the literature of devotion as the psalms, the book of Job, the dialogues of Plato, or Paradise Lost.

Poetry in our day, under the influence of the imagists and the realists, has become less a lyric love, half angel and half bird, or a mighty organ tone, than a search to capture in words the ultimate reality of sensation. And the novel and drama, long since leaving the beauty of holiness and the fervor of morality to the preachers, have become a projection of human traits, with more regard for accuracy or for the correction of previous error, than for gospels, philosophies, or spiritual exaltations.

Unquestionably some of the religious impulses which once helped to paint pictures, carve stone, and write books are now making economics passionate.

That this state of the public mind is prejudicial to literature is not a necessary inference. It is good for art that so many poets and story writers are working with imaginations that are not mortgaged to a social formula. In this country particularly, where puritanism—which is essentially an obsession with ethics—has been so powerful, the freedom to create with the *is* as subject and not the *ought*, is invaluable.

Yet literature is probably the best safety valve for that overcharge, either of the religious emotions or of the desire to reform, which increases its tension so rapidly in times like the last few decades, when greed, conflict, or the restless pur-

(*Continued on page* 387)

How Should a Man Feel

By SELDEN RODMAN

HOW should a man feel from whom this life
In the moment of his love has taken all?
How should a man look after the hope
He has made living and firm has passed by?
How should this man act
When the strings that have pulled his from moment to moment snap?
When the light of the sun is gone
Can a man press buttons and think he sees?
Between his possible death and a half-life
What is to seize his hand in the long night?
After the passing of what he considers good
Who is to say "This is right?"

Well there is this and this: consider well:
"I have been born to a joy that few have known.
What I have felt and what I have done
Cannot be taken from me or un-born."

"Others who suffered long have lived and seen
In the shadow of dark things great light;
What they have done where the heart was torn remains;
Prepare these eyes for a deeper, purer sight."

George S. Kaufman

By JOHN CORBIN

LET us begin with a neo-Boswellian anecdote of the man who wrote "Of Thee I Sing." In the days when George Kaufman and our neo-Boswell were doing the theatres for the New York *Times*, they met in the lobby during a performance of a Charlot revue. "Sir," said Boswell (or words to that effect) "how is it that you, who reported this revue so faithfully on the occasion of its first performance, are a second time bestowing your attention upon it." Kaufman replied that he ran in almost every night to see the final chorus of the first act. "I want to find out how Beatrice Lillie manages to spoof national flag-waving, with the flag itself in her hand, and get away with it." Evidently he did find out, being now the author of a play that lampoons the moronic sentimentalism of the American people, and the equally moronic self-interest of their politicians, all under a title borrowed from the National Anthem.

To measure the success of this satire requires a new yardstick. Other plays, though not so many of them, have attracted equally large audiences during a period equally long. But has any assault upon our national complacency so completely eluded its volunteer watchers and warders? Astute study of the method of Beatrice Lillie *no doubt accounts for* much. And Mr. Kaufman has an abundant equipment of native, original shrewdness. One wonders what the outcome would have been if he had chosen for his title that other phrase, which would have tempted any disciple of the obvious, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." It would be interesting also to find out how many of an audience, including volunteer watchers and warders, know that "Of Thee I Sing" is a quotation from anything. But the astuteness of the satire is less remarkable than its daring. No depth of imbecility is too great to be attributed to our sovereign citizens, even the casting of a heavy vote in a presidential election for Micky Mouse; and none fails to elicit a hilarious shout of recognition. Experienced politicians seem to have been especially receptive. Last Autumn there was much talk of nominating Alfred E. Smith for Vice President. To eager enquirers, Al's all-sufficient answer was, "Have you seen the Vice President in 'Of Thee I Sing'?"

When the Pulitzer committee awarded to this play its annual prize of one thousand dollars for "best representing the educational value and power of the stage," eyebrows were lifted—not in disapproval of the choice but in surprise at its boldness and justice. But even that award did not quite cover the play's deserts. It is indeed of educational value to know that millions of American citizens will vote for Micky Mouse if he promises four years of prosperity, and then vote against him even more enthusiastically if he fails to produce prosperity like the rabbit from the top hat. But another question is involved, that of the art of the theatre. No type of performance has been bent to baser uses than the musical comedy or revue, and none is capable of a heartier and more permanent delight. One has only to recall the triumphs of W. S. Gilbert, and indeed of Aristophanes. In Mr. Kaufman we have a satirist, native and to our manner born, who has the gift of turning our eyes inward in hilarious scorn of ourselves, and who in so doing has restored the most popular of art forms to its high estate.

Mr. Kaufman's gift for the theatre is as peculiar as its development has been steady and sure. He has never appeared at his best except in double harness. In America as in England collaboration had been as rare as it has been frequent and successful in France. It seemed that our playwrights quite lacked social amenity, the modest and courteous spirit of give-and-take. Whatever the requisite, Mr. Kaufman obviously has it. For several years his unfailing team-mate was Marc Connelly. Eventually Mr. Connelly struck out on his own; Mr. Kaufman continued to do business with the old pole and whiffletrees. Among others he has opened the traces to Ring Lardner and Edna Ferber. And almost without fail the result has been the reigning success of the season—as is evident today in "Dinner at Eight," in some ways his most remarkable play, which he did with Edna Ferber. His several collaborators, meantime, have attempted plays all their own, and sometimes with full success—as in Mr. Connelly's "Green Pastures," itself a prize play of the utmost distinction; but none of them has equalled Mr. Kaufman either in volume of output or in the high average of achievement. What he has contributed to the composite result is evidently a thing of sovereign worth; and it is a thing which, as the years slip by, is defining itself with greater clarity, and is increasing in scope and authority. But his quality has as clearly its attendant defect; and, to all appearances, that also is permanent.

If we credit report on Broadway, in such matters not to be sneezed at, what he lacks is the flair for human character and emotion. According to a French critic (Réné Doumic, wasn't it?) drama *is* character—and the saying doubtless includes comedy,

This Week

"SKETCHES IN CRITICISM."
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER.
"CARSON THE ADVOCATE."
Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT.
"THE LIFE AND WORK OF GOETHE."
Reviewed by ALLEN PORTERFIELD.
"THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN PROSE."
Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY.
"THE MECHANISM OF CREATIVE EVOLUTION."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.
"THE LAST ADAM."
Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE.
"MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.
"HOT PLACES."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.
THE SHAKESPEARE INDUSTRY.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
"THE REGENT AND HIS DAUGHTER."
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT.

Next Week, or Later

SINCLAIR LEWIS.
By BERNARD DE VOTO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even the most fantastic. A serious defect, this lack of the essential human! Being the mainspring of drama, moreover, character is something else, something that has to do with the basic structure of a play, something architectural. Old-fashioned melodrama was mainly a thing of *plot*, of an effective sequence of events arbitrarily imposed. Drama, even in its broadest sense, traces the cumulative reaction of human being upon human being, of emotion upon emotion. If Mr. Kaufman has ever achieved this fundamental human concept with its informing and structural development, the fact has not appeared.

Perhaps we can learn something from one of his few failures—he himself doubtless learned much. "The Deep-tangled Wildwood" had to do with the homesickness of two young city workers for the rustic peace and idle seclusion of the up-State village of their childhood—a satire upon the nostalgic sentimentality of "The Old Oaken Bucket." The opportunity for satiric strokes is obvious, and Mr. Kaufman took full advantage of it. But neither he nor his collaborator proved capable of developing the human qualities of a very modern and significant romance. One wonders, rather wistfully, what the result would have been if he had had the good fortune of collaborating on this story with the sensitive author of "Show Boat."

Are the strokes of the satirist necessarily so broad and sweeping, so grotesque, as to be irreconcilable with soundly human veracity? Perhaps not. In the constables of "Much Ado" and in the amateur theatricals of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare gave us rustic portraits unapproached until Thomas Hardy. Dogberry and Bully Bottom are as solidly and massively human as they are preposterous. But the same can scarcely be said of character as rendered by satirists less full-orbed in genius, even of Gilbert and Aristophanes. What they deal in is not so much the man as the type, not the idea but its distorted and shadowy projection. Our American satirist is doubtless of something less than their stature, depend-

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

But what he superimposes is all his own and a thing unexampled in our theatre—an unerring instinct for our moronic mentality and our sloppy sentimentality. And to this he adds the gift without which all others are important, the gift of spontaneous and hearty derision. Not always does the loud laugh speak the vacant mind. As the satirist knows well, it may serve as mask and disguise for the twinges of acute self-realization.

His subjects Mr. Kaufman has found mainly in phenomena broadly and indeed universally recognized; he has the true instinct of the popular artist. "Merton of the Movies" did for the infatuation for Hollywood and its celebrities. When the talkies came, imposing the burden of articulate speech upon actors for whom mere mugging had been enough, he gave us "Once in a Lifetime," incidentally casting shafts at the chaotic distraction and mental vacuity of Hollywood directors. "June Moon" (with Ring Lardner) was a tribute to the grammar-school intelligence which creates and delights in the popular song and its air that can be whistled. "The Royal Family" (with Edna Ferber) presented, on its somewhat higher plane, the popular infatuation for a family of distinguished actors, specifically declared *not* to be the Barrymores. "Beggar on Horseback" (with Marc Connelly) showed metropolitan life as it reveals itself to the successful Rotarian and his family, a theme to which Mr. Kaufman returned in his only independent venture, "The Butter and Egg Man." Stray hits at our political intelligence are scattered through these plays; but not until "Of Thee I Sing" (with Morrie Ryskind) did he attempt a panoramic presentation.

To Mr. Kaufman's lack of feeling for authentic character must be added, at least for the present, a certain lack of subtlety in satiric stroke. Though he came to the theatre as a writing man, a critic, his attitude toward it has been not at all literary, being that of the actor and producer. The manuscript of a play is a mere point of departure. Many effective passages of dialogue, even scenes entire, have been improvised on the stage, the actors being "fed" by his word of mouth. "Beggar on Horseback" was almost wholly thus evolved from the scenario of a German play, neither he nor Mr. Connelly having read the text. His knowledge of American life is that of an experienced newspaper man, shrewdly observant, and his critical reaction to it is deep-seated and genuine; but his expression of it is primarily in terms of the theatre. Where else but in the world of stage sets and grease paint could one imagine a presidential platform resting upon a bathing-beach beauty contest, a presidential campaign in which the happy bride appears on the platform as co-partner in speechmaking? Mr. Kaufman's very deep subtlety of mind appears mainly in occasional wisecracks. "Vote for the full dinner jacket!" "Vote for prosperity—and see what you get!"

This resolutely unsubtle method has technical results as distinctly American as the topics treated. The movies themselves are not more lacking in fine craftsmanship, more crudely obvious. Something wid-

What it is may best be illustrated, perhaps, by comparing the humorous periodicals of England and America—a comparison rendered easy by certain of our newspapers which daily reprint on their editorial pages two cartoons, one from the wide field of American political satire and the other from *Punch, The London Humorist*, and their fellows. Almost without exception, the English draftsmanship is more subtly expert and the satiric stroke more delicately and intimately human. The American cartoonists, with perhaps a single exception, have little or no skill in draftsmanship, little or no interest in the more refined phases of human absurdity. But if what one delights in is the lethal stroke of satire and laughter that springs from the midriff, the advantage is as clearly on the side of the Americans. As students of our history know well, this difference goes back to Revolutionary and indeed to Colonial days. For a few decades *Life* rivalled *Punch* and in some ways surpassed it at times. But once again we are where we belong, under the reign of *The New Yorker* and Peter Arno.

It is to be noted, however, that as regards its reading matter *The New Yorker* is distinctly tending toward the methods of *Punch* and its fellows. Attention centers upon the subtler strokes of character, the finer and more minute variations of the modern scene. That Mr. Kaufman is capable of a similar development has long been evident and is steadily becoming more so. A full decade ago he gave us "Dulcy," a satire on the moronic young thing (in which the Hermione of Don Marquis was a perhaps unconscious collaborator), and "To the Ladies" (co-author, Marc Connelly) which touched up the vapidly sentimental feminism of the American male. Both rose at times to the level of high-comedy satire.

The success of the present season, "Dinner at Eight," is a panoramic view of society as it is practised on Park Avenue, couched in the satiric grand manner. Technically, indeed, it is in the "Grand Hotel" manner. One begins by seeing a hostess in the act of getting up a dinner party. Then follows a series of scattered, disjointed scenes which reveal the individual moods and personal entanglements of the several guests—slices of the emotional and the business life of the metropolis. When at last the party assembles and cocktails are passed, what the audience chiefly feels is the stark tragi-comedy that lies beneath the conventionally smiling surface. But the hostess is unaware of it, even of the fact that her husband is on the verge of financial ruin and that her principal guest has killed himself. Overwrought by her life of senseless social diversion, an accumulation of minor worries throws her into a fit of tantrums in which she vociferously lavishes upon herself the pity and the despair that are the rightful lot of her grimly self-controlled guests. The effect is at once deeply dramatic and subtly satiric.

The indictment of our social life is no less drastic than that of our political life in "Of Thee I Sing." Thanks perhaps to Edna Ferber, the various characters are humanly recognizable and the scenes of emotion soundly conceived and written. The comedy lines and "business" are in Mr. Kaufman's best vein, and the acting and stage management are well-nigh perfect. But all this seems somehow to be an insufficient explanation for the success* which a play so grimly sardonic has achieved with audiences that are themselves submerged in the bitter ironies of fate. For, true to their calling as satirists, the authors scorn the recourse to spiritual insight and consolation. The society they see and depict is distracted, insensate—and that's the end of it.

There would, however, be consolation of a sort if we could be sure that, depressed as well as undepressed, the public of our theatres is at last attuned to social satire the most scorching.

* "Of Thee I Sing" has just closed in New York City after a run of fifty-five weeks. It is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Militant Criticism

SKETCHES IN CRITICISM. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

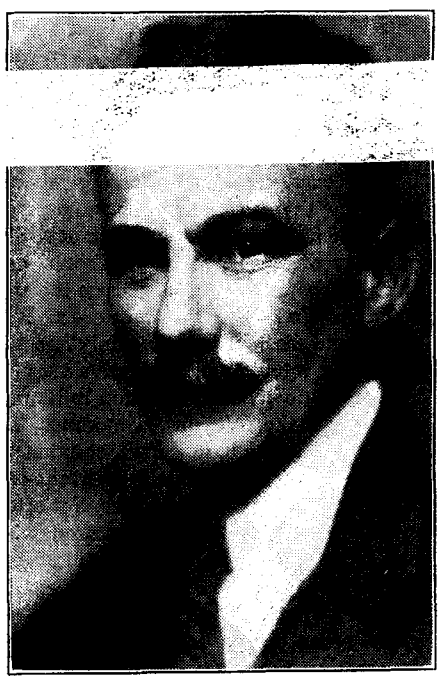
ONE of the most noticeable results of the depression is the religion of the social sciences which has been so assiduously preached by commencement orators and fortified by the gospel of Stuart Chase and Norman Thomas during the past year. Medical science saved our ancestors from the black death and the yellow fever; economic science must save their children from the financial blues.

No doubt it can and will; for this we may be thankful in advance. But if it does—or even if it does not—Mr. Van Wyck Brooks will still remain unsatisfied. "A civilization without an organized culture is a hard and stony ground"; he insists, "you may sow it with all the seeds in the world—they will simply blow away." Culture can only be attained when individual genius, by the discovery of values, gains the power of transcending environment. "It is only because, in good measure, the poets and philosophers of the Old World refuse to adapt themselves to the environment that the intellectuals of the old World get their values, and, having values, get their convictions." This the poets and philosophers of the New World have not yet learned to do.

Here is the genteel tradition become militant. Mr. Brooks's life-long concern for thwarted American genius lends itself at once to a simple explanation: he feels himself to be one of their number. Puritan inhibitions of the early days, the blatant self-satisfaction of the mid-nineteenth century, and the materialism of the modern age have conspired to stifle freedom and creative purpose in the arts. We are victims of our own illusions about our environment, and even the birth of a critical movement gives us little hope of attaining to the subjective poise necessary for culture. The outlook, as well as the reflection, is gloomy.

The book concerns itself more with the problems of the recent than of the distant past, with the half century when, in America, man has been an effect and not a cause. Mark Twain was overcome by a world which he thought to be a chaos of mechanical forces; "the vast Hegelian egg" of Walt Whitman's poetic soul has failed to hatch; William James surrendered to the Philistines, but Henry never grew up because he was never young; Henry Adams was not in fact the artist which he was in feeling because the family tradition required that an Adams must be a statesman, a man of large affairs. In the nearer distance we discover the easy sweetness and the easier light of Hamilton Wright Mabie, the hollow optimism of Meredith Nicholson, H. L. Mencken's concern with the immediate rather than the timeless realities of prophecy, Ambrose Bierce's spectacular escape to Mexico and a death which Stephen Crane avoided only because chance was kind to his esthetic defiance, and Upton Sinclair's attempt to liberate the proletariat by creating puppets to act out his theories.

There is a grand consistency in these apparently casual estimates. Articles and reviews from the old *Freeman* and elsewhere, obviously written in the course of at least a decade, come here together and hammer on a single point: mankind in general, but the *homo Americanus* in particular, fails, and fails, and fails again, to realize his destiny because he lacks the courage to seek for beauty in his own soul. D. H. Lawrence devoted his life to that search, and found only a dark and terrible retreat; Van Wyck Brooks does not attempt the search himself, but stands apart from the struggle and berates the army of artists in their endless beating against closed doors. He is vague about what might be found within, and about the possibility of entry; in this lies his weakness as critic. Dismayed by the failure of the human race to cope with its environment,



VAN WYCK BROOKS.

he offers no positive hope for a better life should man finally succeed in battering down the barriers. One is forced to a fearsome suspicion that, like Lord Dunsany's glittering gates, the walls of circumstance enclose but empty space. Not only in these critical sketches, but in his lives of Mark Twain, Henry James, and even of Emerson, Mr. Brooks leaves us opening empty bottles in Purgatory.

When the critical movement in our literature first assumed noticeable proportions a decade and more ago, America needed the voice of Mr. Brooks. But today we must feel a certain weariness in this constant hammering at our faults. We have been scolded and debunked enough, and we even prefer to hold to the illusion of a world which economic science can make well and perfect rather than to give up entirely the vain hopes of our adolescence. What we need now are poets, prophets, and critics who can convince us of the subjective illusion of a greater freedom in beauty and culture. Mr. Brooks has started us on the path through the everlasting no and the center of indifference, but unlike Carlyle, he leaves the work of reconstruction to other hands. His everlasting yea is a vague hypothesis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bayard of the Bar

CARSON THE ADVOCATE. By EDWARD MARJORIBANKS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THIS biography of one of the most distinguished actors on the stage of England's domestic political life during the past half century will be read for its picturesque presentation of a great advocate at the Bar of Justice. It is a fit companion volume to Sir Edward Marjoribanks's life of Marshall Hall, published some three years ago under the title of "For the Defense," and it is written on similar lines by which the man can be known by his works. When Sir Edward was commissioned to write Lord Carson's life it was intended that he should deal with his political as well as his professional career, but unhappily he died before he could accomplish this, and it was decided to print what he had written of Carson, the advocate, and leave the tale of Carson, "the uncrowned King of Ulster," in some other hands. The result of this decision, as Viscount Hailsham says in his preface to this book, is the present volume. And a notable volume it is. Every reader of the book will heartily endorse Viscount Hailsham's opinion of it "as a memorial worthy of the great character it portrays, as well as a credit to the literary talent and perceptive intuition of its author."

It is indeed worthy of the man who so impressed his contemporaries with his largeness of heart and nobility of mind as to evoke from his strongest legal opponent, Rufus Isaacs (now Lord Reading), that he was "a very Bayard both of the Bar and of public and private life," and from one of his most determined political opponents, Mr. Timothy Healy (late Governor General of Ireland), the confession that "I would trust my soul to Carson."

Edward Carson was the son of an architect of Italian extraction. Carson's father became Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Irish Architects, and though he never became rich he was able to give his son the liberal education afforded by Trinity College, Dublin, where the young man had as his classmate the even then brilliant Oscar Wilde. When it came to the question of a career for Carson he expressed an earnest desire for the Church, but the father had made up his mind that his son should be a barrister, and the father had his way. In due time Edward Carson was called to the Irish Bar. His briefs were not many, nor were the emoluments rich, but the experience was both varied and valuable. He came to know the Irish people with that understanding which in after years became the foundation stone for his political faith as a Unionist. His contact with the uncere-

OSCAR WILDE.
From an unpublished caricature by Finch Mason.

monious Irish Courts of Justice served to cultivate more fruitfully a nature compounded of courtesy and fidelity to honest conviction, and gave him a practice in the cross-examination of witnesses which made him so accomplished in bringing out the crucial facts of a case. When he came to practise at the English Bar his most impressive achievements in his conduct of a prosecution or a defense were made not so much by his forensic ability as through the almost devotional pertinacity with which he insisted on bringing out the truth.

Perhaps the chapter in this arresting book which will be read with a special interest is the one dealing with the trial of the Marquis of Queensbury for criminal libel against Oscar Wilde. When the solicitors for the defense first asked Carson to undertake that defense he declined to accept the brief for, in his opinion, it contained no evidence for justification in the public interest which it pleaded. But when the same solicitors had, through a pure accident, obtained the necessary evidence and Carson was asked a second time to accept the brief, he did accept it, and his conduct of this defense is now history. The story as narrated by Sir Edward Marjoribanks is an achievement in itself. Simple and dispassionate as the narrative is its dénoûement emerges as a pitiful tragedy, but in that tragic dénoûement Carson played no part. It was not in his nature to hit a man when he was down. He even begged the Solicitor-General to "let up on the fellow" when Wilde was to be tried. That, however, was not possible, and so it came to pass that years afterwards Carson was to meet his college classmate again in an encounter strange and shocking.

When Carson left the bar it was to devote himself to a public cause. He became the leader of the Unionist party because of his love for Ireland and in the belief that Ireland's salvation lay in a Union with England. He did not seek political greatness through ambition; it was thrust on him, and he acquitted himself for Ireland's sake from the same sense of duty that moved him to champion the lad George Archer-Shee. Faithful in little things, he was also faithful in great.

The Wind Is Sown

(*Continued from page* 385)

suit of pleasure dominates human activity.

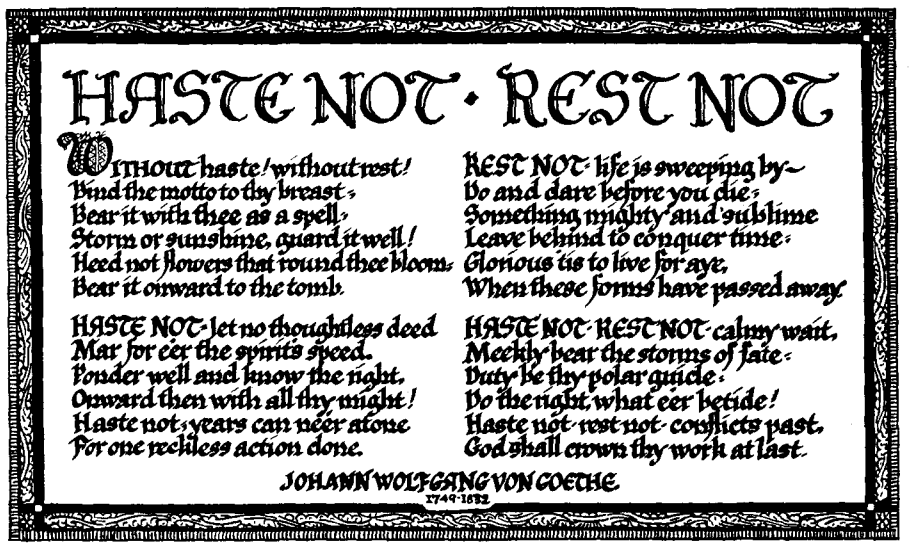
And hence the observer must view with some alarm the probability that a few years more of economic chaos will result in some such burst of religious fervor for a doctrine drawn from the social sciences as has distinguished the Russian revolution. For a new religion, whether Mohammedanism or Marxism, becomes fanatical as it succeeds, and is not content until everyone and everything in reach is made over into its own likeness.

It is certainly arguable as to whether this was not the only possible way of salvation in Russia, but in this country, or in Western Europe, where so much constructive work for humanity has already been successfully accomplished, no wise man or woman would wish to see the experimental sciences of society handed over to fervid emotions and made into a religion of dogmatic reconstruction.

And yet Congresses as inept as ours at the moment, a failure in executive leadership, or even a continuance of the absurd and dangerous contrast between the idle information as to what should be done which scientists (including the technocrats) are showering upon us, and the disastrous acts of greedy minorities, will certainly result in a pressure of fear and resentment that in the present mood of the country is likely to discharge its fervor in an economic whirlwind.

For you cannot trifle, as our representatives in commerce, industry, and politics are doing, with these public interests when they become obsessions. You can control them only by a relief of tension. The counsels and the warnings of science must be put into immediate experiment, under the leadership of men who have not yet assumed a responsibility which cannot long be evaded.

The wind is already sown; if it comes to a reaping we shall be calling vainly for someone to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.


HASTE NOT · REST NOT
WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb.
REST NOT: life is sweeping by—
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.
HASTE NOT: let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed.
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not; years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
HASTE NOT: REST NOT: calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate:
Duty be thy polar guide:
Do the right, what e'er betide!
Haste not: rest not: conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
1749-1832

A CALLIGRAPH DRAWN BY R. J. BUCHOLZ FOR THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The True Goethe

THE LIFE AND WORK OF GOETHE: 1749-1832. By J. G. ROBERTSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

JOHN G. ROBERTSON, long Professor of German at the University of London, began to study Goethe forty years ago under the perduring influence of Thomas Carlyle. Throughout these changing years he has published essays on Goethe, or on German literature as this centers around Goethe, with well-ordered regularity. Moreover, he has enjoyed the keenest satisfaction that can come to a scholar, that of seeing his talented students, notably L. A. Willoughby and William Rose, give out volume after volume each with an unaffected acknowledgment of indebtedness to him. Six years ago he himself brought out his volume entitled "Goethe in the Twentieth Century." It was a smallish book, largely biographical, and thoroughly readable. Then came with 1932, the centenary of Goethe's death and the first of his own Presidency of the English Goethe Society, the expansion of his original life into the volume before us. And so we have what we have; an ultra-conservative life of a genius whose lifelong detestation was anything revolutionary.

Let us paraphrase one of the neatest *mots* the French ever coined: If young free lances only knew and professors only could. Given the implied combination the world would receive, with Goethe as the subject, its greatest biography. For, with a few exceptions such as Richard Wagner and Nietzsche, Goethe's is the most perfectly documented life known to Germany, and the greatest known to the Continent along the entire length of that amazing epoch from 1749 to 1832.

It was, then, a magnificent chance that Professor Robertson would have had had he not had to combat legions of predecessors; but the mere bibliography of works on Goethe takes up all the space in two thousand large pages of fine print. A fact such as this, however, does not seem to deter, depress, or even greatly interest the successfully established professor of the elder school. Nor does it seem to inspire him. He sets about his task of writing still another life of Goethe in the obvious belief that if he says formally, in writing, what he has repeated many times to his classes the result will be news to the masses and probably even a source of inspiration to the select few who are mentally housebroken in other fields.

The outcome of this composite situation can easily be foreseen. We have another life of Goethe, sound in the main, accurate on the whole, written without either concessions to inelegance or attempts at the phrases that please, loyal to the right wing of research, covering the whole ground, giving us the true Goethe. In reality the newcomer could hardly choose another volume of only a hundred and twenty-five thousand words that would give him more of Goethe's life and work.

But this is not enough. Scholarship worthy of the name should avoid repetition, for it can be done. Professor Robertson does not do this. He covers the ground, to be sure, but he has merely reorchestrated the familiar themes. This is a pity, for the first full-size and still readable life of Goethe was written, not by a German, but by another Englishman, George Henry Lewes (1855).

Once in a stretch of many pages Robertson comes near a big theme, as when he implies that there is something of "Faust" in "Wilhelm Meister." Here would have been, in itself, a grand centenary subject, for there is scarcely a motif in Goethe's "Faust," Parts I and II, that is not embedded in the prose of "Wilhelm Meister," apprenticeship and wander-years. He sees in the Prelude to "Faust" a "Torquato Tasso" in little. The idea is good, novel,—and negligible. He writes some words of rich wisdom about Goethe as an optimist. Goethe was the world's greatest optimist. He felt, and expressed his feeling over a period of sixty years in ten million words, that God is in his heaven and cannot be dispossessed, and that everything therefore must in the end work out well with the children of men, made in the image of God.

Inseparable from this, however, is the issue on which Robertson the Professor has nothing to say: Goethe's deplorable lack of humor. Had the world's leaders as a unit been as humorless since 1929 as Goethe was at all times, the human family would have destroyed itself by this time. Infrequently in "Faust," and in such poems as "Die Wandelnde Glocke" and "Lilis Park," there is a remote touch of humor; you laugh because Goethe wrote it. Yet the man was an arch-optimist. Why did not Dr. Robertson, whose born ability to handle the theme with perfect sympathy and ready skill no one would doubt, memorialize the hundredth anniversary of his hero's death through the elaboration of some such topic as his unlaughing optimism? Instead, he goes over all those beaten paths, telling us with a straight face how Goethe was born in Frankfurt, studied at Leipzig and Strassburg, practised law at Wetzlar, spent the last fifty-eight years of his life in Weimar, traveled widely, and fell in love with some seventy-odd women, though with no two at the same time.

Professor Robertson's mistakes are so small that even they savor of repetition. He twice sends Goethe to Italy in 1787; 1786 is correct. He gives Achim von Arnim a baptismal name that will make even other professors raise their better eyelash. He miscounts the number of volumes in the Weimar edition of Goethe's works. He underrates the number of English translations of "Faust" ("forty to fifty"). In his bibliographical notes he laboriously jots down translations, as a rule, but fails to note the fact that Brandes's "Goethe" has been translated into English.

But these are small points; the book as a whole is a big one; for it was written by a scholar on a genius; and in the main it is correct, for it never ventures out into unplumbed or uncharted waters. It stays ever within sight of land. Goethe did the same. He never took a real chance. He was the last of the court poets and one of the greatest. Dr. Robertson has given us the true Goethe. If he had only given us more of the true Robertson.

Allen Porterfield is professor of German at West Virginia University. He is the translator of Brandes's "Wolfgang Goethe."

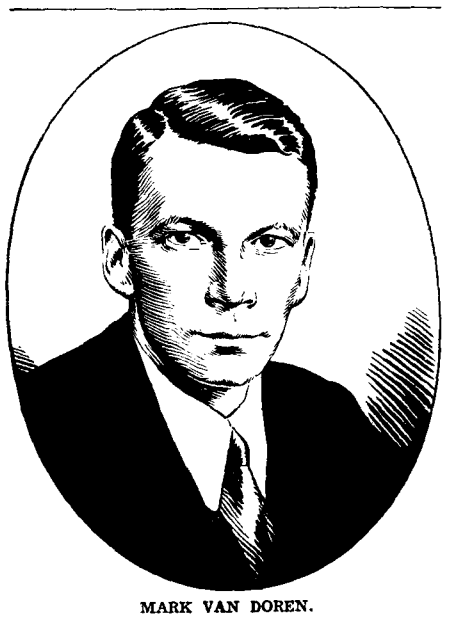
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Native Prose

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN PROSE. By MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I AM not sure that this is a good anthology, but it is an excellent book. The ideal anthology can with difficulty be made from anything so fluid as the prose literature of America. That literature is at the same time a branch of English and a tree of itself, it ranges from paragraphs conditioned by the circumstances of a pioneering country, to belles lettres without national reference. An anthologist seeking for material comes back with one set of excerpts if he is determined to get writing that illustrates America, and with quite a different set if he is concerned with standards abstractly esthetic. If the ideals of English prose have been determined for him by the great



MARK VAN DOREN.

English writers he will prefer Americans writing in that tradition, whereas if he believes that no American writing in the school of Thackeray, of Macaulay, of Carlyle, or of Ruskin, can possibly be original, no matter how well the author has mastered his medium, he will select for his anthology a prose distinguished by its unlikeness to anything British. All of which is simply to say that, in spite of three centuries of history, half colonial, half national, it is still not easy to say what is most representative of the American imagination in literature.

There is, of course, no difficulty in selecting representative Americans, and here Mr. Van Doren has shown both independence and catholicity in his choices. If he is open to criticism it is only for some nepotism in his last selections, in which however he has the precedent of a recent Italian anthologist who used his book to reinstate his poet father in the history of Italian literature. And also (though he offers a rational defense of the omission) one misses the staccato of Hemingway and the drawl of Faulkner, certainly both of them highly indicative of what we are doing with English prose in America.

But surely this is a good book, a far better book than the unsatisfactory "Oxford Book of English Prose," which I have tried to read again and again only to have my mind bounce away from its broken surface of excerptlets, like a stone skimming over water. And far more satisfactory, too, than Bliss Carman's unsatisfactory "Oxford Book of American Verse," which seems to have been made on some such principle as an instructor uses in choosing poetry for teaching to a freshman class, with no attempt to indicate national qualities, or to do anything more than assemble a body of respectable verse.

The secret of the vitality of this new anthology is, I think, in the personal taste of the author, and in his wisdom in choosing wholes rather than parts and purple patches. His taste inclines toward writing that deals with the scene, and in a country where imagination has for three hundred years had new and constantly newer environment to work upon, this taste has inevitably led him toward literature that was genuine, original, and fresh. It is interesting to see how well the characteristics which Henry Adams assigned to the Americans of the newly formed nation, intelligence, rapidity, and gentleness, are illustrated in these selections, and how all the way from Jonathan Edwards's "Personal Narrative," through Crevècoeur's quails and bees, and Bartram's springs of Florida, to Henry James's intricate mosaic of Charleston and the low countries, this literature of scene expresses itself in a prose in which imitation of British models is almost by necessity minimized. This, perhaps, is one reason why the best American prose ever written is probably to be found in certain passages of Thoreau.

I do not mean to say that this is a nature anthology; rather that it is this literature of scene which gives it individuality and distinction. The other excerpts are more expected, and usually more familiar, and in narrative especially (probably due to limitations of space) less effective. Here Mr. Van Doren's rightness is by no means so inevitable. I myself, in almost every instance, would have chosen a different story or a sketch, but I should have omitted none of his authors, and added only a few from the genre writers of the end of the nineteenth century, where he seems, I think wrongly, to have found little significant. But I repeat, that while I doubt whether this is the anthology we shall be willing to let stand for us, it makes as good a book as you can find in the whole range of recent American publication.

There is an excellent opportunity for the scholar here to make some definition of the elusive differences between British and American prose. I have tried it and admit that I have been flung back upon such generalities as a movement more staccato, and a simpler and homelier vocabulary. There *is* a difference and a sharp one, but I suspect that it will have to be worked out in less literary prose than the two Oxford books offer,—in editorials, news writing, and popular fiction. When prose grows literary it becomes exceedingly complex, and when (as here) it is reminiscent of scene, it draws away from the rhythms of daily speech which are at the back of vital stylistic distinctions. Nevertheless, more rigorous tests than I have applied might give interesting results, particularly in writers after the nationalizing conflict of 1812. It has occurred to me several times on looking through this volume that in Thoreau we did reach a literary prose both our own and excellent—and that in the confused years after the Civil War, and in the genteel period that followed, the raciness of this prose was inherited by the journalists who could not make it literary, while a new generation of men of letters failed to make what they wrote expressive of the changing rhythm of American life. If so, the concluding excerpts from Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, and Ring Lardner are more significant for the student of style than those from Eliot, Sherman, Lewisohn, and Cabell, for they represent the popular idiom and the popular rhythm again seeking finality in form. But a review is no place to enter upon a speculation of this complexity.

Matter—Life—Mind

THE MECHANISM OF CREATIVE EVOLUTION. By C. C. HURST. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $6.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

THIS book recounts the salient features of heredity, interprets them in terms of the origin and species, and presents evidence to support the belief that changes in the chromosomes and genes comprise the mechanism of evolution. It is an excellent exposition of the whole subject of genetics from Mendel to Müller. Beginning with the classic garden pea it relates evidence derived from the study of fruit-flies, birds, rabbits, and a host of other organisms and collates it with the structure and origin of cells. Although obviously prepared for the non-technical reader primarily interested in knowing what evolution is and how it works, the author has not spared himself the task of reviewing the evidence. In this part of the book, as in many similar treatises, the reader is more apt to be confused than aided by the excessive description of experiments; he cannot possibly pass critical judgment upon these experiments, and yet he is required to inspect them in dangerously wearisome detail. He is ultimately rewarded for his patience, nevertheless, because once these details are out of the way the author turns to more interesting, if less certain, matters. The subjects of the induction of mutation by x-rays; virgin birth; genetics of unicellar animals; the nature of filterable viruses and bacteriophages, and the discussion of Müller's suggestion that the latter may be single free genes; the nature of the gene itself; its significance as the unit of life; the broader interpretation of evolution, orthogenesis, and natural selection, are all matters which lie nearer the periphery of knowledge; but because of this fact, these subjects will probably command a larger popular audience than the better established and more frequently expounded phases of Mendelism. These conservative excursions into the borderland of science, giving one a preview of tomorrow's investigation, are worth reading for themselves.

As a conclusion to the scientific portion of the book the author gives a chronological table showing the most significant events in evolution from two thousand million years B.C., beginning with the evolution of the earth, down through the evolution of the vertebrate reflexes (500 million years B.C.), anthropoid reflexes (20 million years B.C.), mind (modern man, 11,500 B.C.), Greek philosophy (400 B.C.), to Einstein's discovery of relativity and Heisenberg's discovery of indeterminism (twentieth century). From this otherwise quite complete list, Harvey and Pavlov are somehow omitted—perhaps because they are considered to be insignificant side issues.

When the reader finishes a book like this, he is likely to remark, if he has a scintilla of intelligence, "Very well, so far; but where are we going from here?"

It is gratifying, therefore, to find that Chapter XX is devoted to Speculations. It is a source of eternal surprise to find that one may traverse a period of 2000 million years with a companion, seeing eye to eye every inch of the way, only to discover suddenly that one's companion and one's self are still a world apart. Professor Hurst and I part company on page 327. After but a few warnings, it came as a distinct surprise when Professor Hurst turned down the shadowy vistas of Eddington Avenue:

> In the natural course of creative evolution it is reasonable to conclude that these creative processes will continue and that new species of the kingdom of animals, plants, and protists will arise on the earth in the future as in the past. Looking into the distant future, we may infer that new kingdoms of living organisms other than animals, plants, and protists will arise and that in the course of time a succession of new superkingdoms will gradually come to pass, each great step surpassing and transcending conceptual mind to the same degree and extent that mind now transcends life and life surpasses matter . . . In the genetical evolution of mind through life and matter there are definite indications that the most recent and highest term of the three—mind—is gradually increasing in influence as creative evolution proceeds, while the oldest and lowest term of the three—matter—is gradually decreasing in influence . . . successors of man will be evolved in whom the influence of matter has been almost, if not entirely, (*sic*) obliterated, and a sub-material type of being will arise, utterly different from the present human species, scarcely human save in mind and thought but on a higher intellectual plane. Such an independence of matter would enable the more adventurous of our far away descendants to leave the earth and to visit and people other planets in our solar systems or other stellar systems of our universe and even other universes if they exist . . . There seems to be no valid scientific objection to the belief in a future existence in the form of pure thought or spirit, and such beings may exist in other parts of the universe as a product of creative evolution in other planets . . . We have an astronomical picture of our universe . . . fast proceeding to a final dissolution and death . . . Long before the time comes for the annihilation of matter and the universe . . . the remote successors of man may be free and independent of matter with infinite possibilities of future progress. . . .

It may be that the discovery in our time of scientific indeterminacy and relativity foreshadows the coming of the next great step in the creative evolution of mind, far surpassing and transcending the present conceptual and deterministic mind of man.

When Einstein and DeSitter delimited the universe down to an expanding bubble they robbed metaphysics of Infinite Time and Infinite Space; with these potential avenues of escape from deterministic materialism closed, men have been forced, for their metaphysical outlet, to turn to Heisenberg's timely discovery in subatomic physics of the principle of uncertainty, or the Principle of Indeterminism, as it is sometimes called. It may be that this principle is to be tentatively interpreted as the natural mode of action and manifestation of pure thought or spirit in matter—life—mind, while determinism represents an inner and geometrical mode of action of the present human conceptual mind, as the author suggests; but it may be, on the other hand, that the principle of uncertainty is only a region of extended experience which is at present inaccessible to the physicist's quantized tools of matter and energy, even as Infinite Space and Infinite Time were inaccessible to finite yard-sticks and chronometers. It does not seem a sound, philosophical investment *in this time of spiritual depression* to place too much hope in the principle of uncertainty. Physical principles are likely to be less stable in the future than in the past.

Regarding the transcendency of mind, there most emphatically is a valid scientific objection to such speculations; if Harvey, Pavlov, and a few other events in evolution had not been left out of the picture that objection would be evident. This is not the place to discuss the nature or philosophical significance of mind (on which subject there is not, admittedly, too much agreement) but it is appropriate to remark that, although I can understand how a physicist whose imagination is restricted by the discipline of his science might succumb to the temptation, I cannot understand why a biologist, acquainted with the ways of life and the precarious course of its evolution, should be so unimaginative as to wish to transport the animal mind with its deterministic origins and ends into the empyrean void. As a matter of fact, there is not in the story of evolution, whether viewed as creative or indeterminate, the slightest suggestion how protoplasm can get along without its chromosomes and genes, or mind without its protons and electrons. If this mysticism is consistent with twentieth century science, the late Houdini, in severing the head from a corporeal body, never did a trick!

Nevertheless, "The Mechanism of Creative Evolution" is an excellent book and contains meat for the intellectually hungry. It is well illustrated and has a good bibliography and index.

Writing of W. H. Hudson in *John o' London's Weekly*, "Old Fag" says: "Hudson was by nature a writer; the call of nature was irresistible, the passion for birds and wild life of the country inescapable. How he followed the call endlessly . . . but joyously we know. And writing, writing: 'When I had not a penny and almost went down on my knees to editors, publishers, and literary agents, I couldn't even get a civil word, and of twenty MSS. nineteen would come back.' When success came to him at last he was too old to prize it."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 27.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1932, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Connecticut Town

THE LAST ADAM. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

TWO factors that operate in the economic world have, in the past few years, made a more decided appearance in the field of literature: technical skill (and its concommitant, specialization) and competition. In some degree, these factors have always been present in all human enterprise, but it remained for our age, which has made a racket of the craft of fiction, to bring them prominently into the foreground. Surrounded on every side by mechanistic phenomena which supply an increasingly absorbing subject of conversation, it is only natural that an interest in these phenomena should creep into the novelist's work. The teeming press of novels issued every day has forced the growth of an almost universal skill in writing which, unfortunately enough, has operated to the detriment of the art. It becomes a matter of considerable discouragement to the reader eager for substantial material, to contemplate the long line of slick, polished, well-written, interesting but invariably empty novels that every day brings forth. Each newcomer is slicker than the last, each is well-documented when documentation is indicated, each bears witness to a perhaps commendable preoccupation with the mechanics of presentation, each has an interesting or novel tale to tell; none are moving. Examples: "Deep Evening"; "All Ye People"; "Zodiak"; "A Preface to Death"; The Way of the Phœnix"; "Boy"; "Three Fevers"; "The House of Vanished Splendor." In these eight novels, the reader will find detailed technical information on such varied subjects as transatlantic shipping, the westward migration, aviation, astronomy and tuberculosis, political economy, the merchant marine, deep sea and off-shore fishing, the pioneer tradition. All are ingeniously constructed, facile of expression, and intrinsically interesting; not one has that extra leaven of human understanding that alone determines the permanent place of a book.

"The Last Adam" is just such a novel. In this crowded tale of a Connecticut town Mr. Cozzens has abandoned the specious and puerile symbolism he found so attractive in "*S. S. San Pedro*"; he has broadened his canvas to include a wider host of characters, and he is discovered to possess a fund of information on power-transmission cables, chain stores, automobile engines, public health, small-town politics, theology, rattlesnake hunting, early American houses, telephone switchboards, and medical science. It would be both ingenuous and ungracious to suggest that these ill-digested details were introduced with the implicit intention of camouflaging an absence of substance, yet that is their total effect.

Out of this wealth of topical detail there emerges a story that should have been permitted to stand on its own legs. "It just so happens," said Dr. Bull, "that barring bone-setting, a few surgical tricks, and some push-and-pull obstetrics for women too soft to turn the corner, I've found out there's no such thing as practical medicine." Until the typhoid epidemic broke out in New Winton, old Dr. Bull had confined his practice to just such "horse-doctor" expedients. He dispensed liberal doses of castor-oil and told people they were all right; most of the time they were. But he reckoned without the snobbish enmity of the wealthy Bannings and the political power of Matthew Herring. There is no doubt that Dr. Bull was lax in his performance of his official duties as New Winton's Department of Health: he had seen no reason to inspect the reservoir, less to examine the sanitary facilities of the power-construction camp. Yet when the scourge broke out he was not found lacking; he worked himself to the bone, practically forced compulsory innoculation, went everywhere at all hours, not sparing his sixty-seven years or his more than average bulk. New Winton, spurred on by the Bannings' animosity and the personal spite of Matthew Herring, found that this was not enough. It remembered that the afternoon little Mamie Talbot died, the old Doc was nowhere to be found, but it knew where he was. It recalled the sudden disappearance into a retreat of Mrs. Talbot, without reckoning with the fact that Dr. Bull had found her in his garage at midnight, armed with a bread-knife. It recalled a lot of things it should not have considered, and forgot a lot more that it should. Into the bargain, Bull cussed out the indignation meeting, and it required the voice and power of Henry Harris to turn the tables in his favor.

All this makes an interesting, well-told tale, and though the reader may wonder at the introduction of details that have no immediate or ultimate bearing on the course of the narrative, he will be grateful for the sex-spice sprinkled liberally through its pages. Not one of these characterizations, well observed as they all are in their externalities, has the stuff of enduring fiction. Not one of these incidents, entertaining as they all are—compounded of melodrama, sentiment, and broad humor—casts more than a superficial light on human character. There is no dearth of narrative talent here, technique has reached its epitome—what is lacking is of more importance: a profoundly human understanding, based in a final and complete self-knowledge.

JACKET DESIGN FOR THE ENGLISH EDITION OF "MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS."

Chilvester House

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS. By EDITH OLIVIER. New York: Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE stern and forbidding father of the Victorian novels has not had many successors in modern fiction. This is due, perhaps, more to the younger generation's newly savored independence, particularly on the distaff side, than to any decline in the parental desire to dominate. Mr. Chilvester, in Miss Olivier's new book, is the perfect type of the heavy father, transplanted unwillingly enough into the modern world. Yet somehow one never believes in his existence contemporaneously with the existence of, say, Mr. Evelyn Waugh's characters. Both worlds are artificial, and both justify themselves for the fantastic purposes of their authors. Somewhere in between, no doubt, is an index of post-war English life.

Mr. Chilvester lived in a large Queen Anne house, totally devoid of drains, in the Cathedral Close. He lived for his house rather than for his daughters or the life which went on around him in the quaint provincial town. Indeed, what relations he had with this sheltered and clerically dominated world were restricted to making it as unnoticeable as possible to the inhabitants of Chilvester house. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that he was continually involved in recriminative correspondences, quarrels, lawsuits, and plain old-fashioned rows with all his neighbors, who nevertheless respected and feared him. For purposes of contrast to this self-centered existence Miss Olivier has created a still less believable personage, a Mrs. Bowerman, who may be said to stand for the modern woman in the same artificial sense in which Mr. Chilvester stands for tradition and Victorian dignity. Mrs. Bowerman unintentionally plays a great part in the romance of Mr. Chilvester's younger daughter, which also brings about the death of the crippled elder one.

The intrigue which Miss Olivier has dexterously arranged for these well assorted puppets is sufficiently convincing to make "Mr. Chilvester's Daughters" an excellent book to read, regardless of the fantastic element which the author, as in all her books, manages to introduce with the utmost quietness and skill. One becomes almost as weary of Mr. Chilvester's lawsuit over the non-existent drains of his house as did the county authorities, yet the chief character is so strongly conceived that in the end even this preoccupation seems justified and important in rounding out the whole tragedy. While it may be doubted that Miss Olivier's new book will have the success of "Dwarf's Blood," which was both more compact and more sensational in its appeal, yet "Mr. Chilvester's Daughters" is a superior and more truly characteristic piece of work.

South American Stories

HOT PLACES. By ALAN PRYCE-JONES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE photograph of a very young man—he was six years old when the war began—looks out at us from the jacket of this trio of South American stories as if saying: "I am clever but nice—I mean, I'm not *just* clever. See my wide-apart eyes, broad brow, how calmly, candidly, even with a slightly 'uplifted' look (which a bright post-war youth could so easily be pardoned for making coquettish or impudent) I gaze quite beyond the cameraman's little bird and the amusing present to a really 'important' future!"

Is that future then assured for the present sub-editor of the *London Mercury* and author of "The Spring Journey"? There is enough in the workmanship of these sprightly and keenly observant South American tales to compel the tribute of speculation in the matter, at any rate.

What Mr. Pryce-Jones does, as he explains in a not very profound and rather unnecessary postscript, is to take three typical landscapes, from Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, and "let those landscapes people themselves in my mind, and those people form themselves into this book." Thus, the story called "Brazil" is a little love story, the figures in which embody the "naive, exotic, over-emotional" qualities which seemed to the author to stand out in the hot Brazilian air. The woman in the tale called "Chile," who won a dance-Marathon to get money to save her sick child, only to have the child die while she was dancing, has some of the hard, alert, "modern" quality of that country itself. Ecuador seemed to the author the "most rococo" of the South American republics, and he therefore tells the outlandishly tragic tale of a fabulously wealthy marquesa, doña Carolina, who fell in love with, was victimized, and in her old age finally murdered by her husband's villainous footman.

All three tales are packed with excellent local color, but the characters and action of "Brazil" and "Chile" reflect more of an outsider's first impressions of the countries concerned than does "Ecuador." The latter, which takes up rather more than half of the book and is the most involved and ambitious of the three, will seem to most casual visitors to Ecuador to echo "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," or even Renaissance Italy, as much as anything they experienced on the road from Guayaquil to Quito. But of course Mr. Pryce-Jones is permitted to choose the aspect of Ecuador which happened to hit him hardest.

The style is peppered with modernisms. Soliloquies and "asides" are constantly inserted into the third-person narrative—generally through the device of paragraphs begun without a capital letter or quotation marks. The characters are as fond of saying: "How I hate you!" to themselves while speaking politely to the other person, as they were in "Strange Interude." In "Ecuador," the author's favorite trick is to use the phrase "You must imagine doña Carolina dying" as a sort of recurring refrain to introduce a passage bringing the reader back to that unhappy woman's present. Then, after we have sat beside her for a moment, and felt all the bitterness and disillusion of her old age, we return, through her memories, to that florid past; that mad trip to Europe, years before, with her weak son, Germán, and the scheming footman, when, in a period of crazy, Indian-summer blooming, she threw herself at the villainous Benigno.

The question of the "legitimacy" of such devices may be left for the moment. Suffice to say, that young Mr. Pryce-Jones sees and understands a lot, and that his three stories are clever and decidedly interesting.

Brantwood House, Coniston, the home of John Ruskin from 1871 until his death nearly thirty years later, has been sold. Here he wrote "Fors Clavigera" and "Præterita."

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP. By H. G. WELLS. *Macmillan.*
A novel in Mr. Wells's best vein.

GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK. By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER. *Morrow.*
A picture of revolutionary Germany, more exclusively centered on politics than Oswald Garrison Villard's "The German Phœnix," recommended last week.

100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS. By ARTHUR KALLET *and* F. J. SCHLINK. *Vanguard.*
An exposé of certain widely advertised articles.

This Less Recent Book:

THE ENGINEERS AND THE PRICE SYSTEM. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. *Viking.*
A source book of Technocracy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Shakespeare Industry

I REMEMBER once being startled to learn that Shakespeare was not officially admitted to the college library at Haverford until 1872. I had supposed that in a college of resolute old Quaker tradition that was natural, but now I learn from Henry W. Simon's *The Reading of Shakespeare in American Schools and Colleges* (Simon & Schuster) that this attitude was fairly general. Dr. Simon's study is of great interest to any observer of the literary curriculum. He has made a detailed investigation of the history of Shakespeare "courses" and reaches the conclusion that so far as the high schools are concerned Shakespeare is no longer accepted entirely without question as an absolute essential. The advisability of requiring Shakespeare to be read by all high school pupils is protested by some teachers. "In another half century Shakespeare in the high school curriculum may have vanished." This shows that the prevailing unrest has even reached the teaching of literature; no fetish is too sacred to be re-examined.

The vast activity in Shakespeare editing and teaching—one of the major industries—is of relatively recent growth. Dr. Simon points out that though Shakespeare was first quoted in a school textbook in England as early as 1657 (Joshua Poole's *The English Parnassus*) the natural attitude of the American colonists was one of horror toward all drama and playwrights. There is no evidence that a single copy of Shakespeare's plays existed in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century; only one copy has been traced in America before 1700—*Macbeth*, listed in a domestic inventory in 1699.

Of course Shakespeare from the first was popular among young people for clandestine reading. There is an odd allusion in Jo. Johnson's *Academy of Love* (London, 1641) as follows:

> There was also *Shakespeere*, who (as *Cupid* informed me) creepes into the womens closets about bed time, and if it were not for some of the old out-of-date Grandames (who are set over the rest as their tutoresses) the young sparkish Girls would read in Shakespeere day and night.

And in this country the plays were read privately by college students in the early years of the nineteenth century, but only as forbidden fruit.

Dr. Simon reminds us that Shakespeare entered the school curriculum in the form of excerpts for "declamation." Wicked old Ben Franklin was one of the first to recommend scenes from plays for this purpose, though even he was not hardy enough to suggest Shakespeare by name. William Enfield's book of selections, *The Speaker*, an English textbook reprinted in Philadelphia in 1799, contained many passages from the plays. But even Lindley Murray's famous readers, most influential textbooks in the era 1800-1850, contained no Shakespeare. Murray was an ardent moralizer and purist: Dr. Simon quotes him as saying that Shakespeare caused fatal wounds to youth's innocence, delicacy, and religion—in which there is probably much truth. But in the 1820's and '30's passages from Shakespeare began creeping into the books used for teaching "elocution." The notorious McGuffey Readers, which began in 1836, had at first very few quotations from the plays, but added more in later issues. One American textbook about 1850, Dr. Simon remarks with amusement, in reprinting the courtroom scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, called the Duke *Judge*, presumably in deference to democratic principle. Not until the 60's was Shakespeare really accepted as fit subject for elocutionary exercise, and the passages identified so that the pupil might look up the plays themselves.

Dr. Simon tells us that the Troy Female Seminary—under the vigorous leadership of Emma Willard—was one of the earliest schools to teach Shakespeare as organic literature, not just as odd fragments for declamation. That was in the 1830's. Though Boston (true to her instinct of connoisseurship) had timidly considered English literature as a separate scholastic topic as early as 1821. Hartford, Conn., was also a pioneer: in 1848 its high school offered a course of "Elegant Readings in English Classics." In the secondary schools courses in English Literature started roughly in this order: Plymouth, Mass., 1857; St. Louis, 1859; Madison, Wis., and Cincinnati, 1862; Concord, Mass., and Portland, Me., 1865; San Francisco, 1866; New Haven, 1867; Cleveland, 1869; Baltimore and Buffalo, 1870. These, be it noted, were courses in "English Literature," not in Shakespeare. As late as 1895 there were grave doubts as to the desirability of telling pupils too much about authors. The San Francisco superintendent of schools at that date deplored the use of literary biographies in schools. "The exposure of foibles of artists has an immoral tendency on youth; for example, one affects to be a poet, and justifies laxity and self-indulgence through the example of Byron."

The beginning of Shakespeare study in college courses was quite recent. Dr. Simon points out that the first mention of Shakespeare in the catalogue of any American college was at the University of Virginia in 1858—in connection with Old Man McGuffey's course on Moral Philosophy including Esthetics and Rhetoric. The famous Professor Child of Harvard was the greatest single influence, and Shakespeare as a college entrance requirement spread from Harvard all over the land. Even so it was not until 1876 that Professor Child's Shakespeare course was given full time (three lectures a week) and Shakespeare courses at Yale proper did not begin until 1879 (though Lounsbury, at Sheff, had lectured on the plays as early as 1871).

Dr. Simon's book is a mine of interest to anyone who has considered the admittedly queer problem of presenting Shakespeare to the young. He quotes some delightful questions from old college examination papers. In 1892 Bryn Mawr asked her young nymphs to "illustrate by means of *Julius Cæsar* and *As You Like It* the sweetness of disposition of Shakespearean men and women." But in regard to high schools—do the pupils really enjoy Shakespeare? Except in rare cases, probably not. Several thousand high-school students were asked to grade their enjoyment of seventy-six famous books. The highest place accorded Shakespeare was 30th, *The Merchant of Venice*. *Macbeth* rated 40th, *Julius Cæsar* 53rd. But even so, I hope the teachers won't get discouraged. Our youths must be able to recognize the allusion when Uncle Sam is alluded to abroad as Uncle Shylock.

Emil Ludwig's *Talks with Mussolini* has been described as "journalism." I don't know whether the word was used in any spirit of condescension; if so it was a mistake for Ludwig's report of Il Duce is a brilliant achievement. Those who have themselves dabbled in the difficult job of interviewing can best realize how much subtle art and thought went into this four-dimension news-reel of an extraordinary personality. It would have been so easy for Mussolini to have grown irritable or evasive. Ludwig showed the highest qualities of tact and judgment in conducting a delicate affair, and certainly the Dictator himself emerges alive and very appealing. Also as a man of superb courage.

There was one comment of Ludwig's that specially caught my attention: "Though Mussolini for the most part prefers to let his thoughts go unwatched, there are rare moments when (like all lonely thinkers) he delights in the luxury of being fully understood."

And I dare say that many readers made a private and impossible resolution when they saw the description of Mussolini's desk:

> Mussolini's writing table is in the meticulous order of the strenuous worker. Since he clears up everything from day to day and tolerates no remnants, one small portfolio suffices to hold everything that relates to current affairs. Behind him, on an occasional table, are books actually in use, and we notice three telephones. The table is plain and unadorned, bearing no more than a bronze lion and writing materials arranged with precision. The impression produced is that of composure—the composure of a man whose experiences have been multifarious.

Why has no hosiery advertiser made use of the fact that Voltaire was once in the silk stocking business? I learn in André Maurois's crisp little biography that the old infidel set up a stocking factory at Ferney. He sent the first pair to the Duchesse de Choiseul with this message: "Deign, madame, but once to slip them on, and then display your legs to whomsoever you choose."

Aldous Huxley's *Texts & Pretexts*," "An Anthology with Commentaries," is a perfect bedtime sedative. He reprints faforite poems in all moods with notes of high candor and shrewdness. I like his comment on the absurdity of trying to Keep Up.

> The educated have to "keep up." They are so busy keeping up that they seldom have time to read any author who thinks and feels and writes with style. In a rapidly changing age, there is a real danger that being well informed may prove incompatible with being cultivated. To be well informed, one must read quickly a great number of merely instructive books. To be cultivated, one must read slowly and with a lingering appreciation the comparatively few books that have been written by men who lived, thought and felt with style.

This is one of the most agreeable anthologies ever put together, and Huxley's accompanying remarks bite shrewdly. Apropos Milton's praise of Eve's long hair, which reached her waist, Huxley remarks:

> Hair, hair. . . . The longer, our fathers unanimously thought, the better. How the heart beat, as the loosened bun uncoiled its component tresses! And if the tresses fell to below the waist, what admiration, what a rush of concupiscence! In many, perhaps in most, young men at the present time, long hair inspires a certain repugnance. It is felt, vaguely, to be rather unhygienic, somehow a bit squalid. Long hair has become, as it were, a non-conductor of desire; no more does it attract the lightning. Men's amorous reflexes are now otherwise conditioned.

But do not suppose that his notes are merely in the jocular spirit. There is much fine and tart thinking in his admirable commentaries.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"A real responsibility," says Aylmer Maude, writing in the London *Observer*, "rests, therefore, on the translator of a great writer to transmit faithfully the message he is dealing with, and for this three things are necessary: such a knowledge of the language in which the book was written as enables him fully to grasp its meaning: such an association with the author's mind as enables him to share the thoughts and feelings dealt with; and, finally, such a command of his own language as will enable him to produce a version that reads like an original. I have said 'his own language,' because it seldom happens that anyone has as complete a command of a foreign language as he has of his own if he is a practised writer, and so the best versions are usually made by translators writing in their own language."

An American poet and dictionary publisher has made a list of what he considers to be the ten most beautiful words in the English language. They are: Dawn, mist, hush, luminous, lullaby, chimes, murmuring, golden, tranquil, melody.

A Possible Queen

THE REGENT AND HIS DAUGHTER. By DORMER CRESTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

A BIOGRAPHY which contains three such witty and penetrating characterizations as are to be found in this new book by *Miss Dormer Creston ought not to want* for appreciative readers. Mr. Guedalla in a brief introduction alludes to its "accomplished pages" and praises its intimacy. It is all that he says and more, too. It has the ring of authority, while at the same time it moves lightly and pleasantly, without even a suggestion of the studious labor that must have been entailed, through scene after scene of regally eccentric domesticity. The settings are complete and elegant, even to the inclusion of the Prince's multitudinous *objets de vertu* and the royal child's plentiful toys. But this is all in the way of none too insistent background, against which move the three central personages: George, Prince of Wales, proud, foppish, and unmanageable; his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, vulgar and foolish, but also strangely attractive to nearly everyone but her husband; and their daughter, Charlotte, who, had she lived long enough, would have been Queen of England.

George has been accorded much attention, mainly unsympathetic, at the hands of biographers, but he has seldom received the exact justice that Miss Creston gives him. Unlike Thackeray, she has understood both his swaggering and his cringing, and has been always rigorously fair even about his most absurd peccadilloes. Her very impartiality has forced her into being almost brutal, after a charming feminine fashion, in her treatment of George's behavior to his wife. That princely coxcomb, however, deserves all that he gets. As for Caroline, the abandoned but not altogether unhappy wife—with her Miss Creston is superb. Her crotchets, her hoydenish manners, her German provinciality, even her unfortunate notions of personal cleanliness, all are exhibited, but with such sympathy that we laugh understandingly.

It is Charlotte, the least remembered of the three, who carries the burden of the narrative. Ill-fated from the beginning, she was no sooner born than her parents separated, and she remained to be bandied about between them. Eternal quarreling surrounded her. Governesses and companions passed in never-ending procession, each the victim of the Prince's inconsistent meddling. But through it all Charlotte contrived to flourish. She was too much like her mother ever to develop the proper courtly manners, but she had vivacity, a kind heart, and considerably more sense than was to be expected in a child of such parents. She was never entirely crushed even by her pompous father, but her whole life was a struggle to gain at least the semblance of personal liberty. And when, after her marriage to Prince Leopold, she might at last have attained her desire, she was not to enjoy it. Her death and the death of her child made room for the yet unborn Victoria. Miss Creston's portrait of Charlotte is so vivid and entrancing, and the subject herself so delightfully fresh and spontaneous, that it is difficult, on finishing the book, to refrain from wishing that Victoria might have remained unborn, and that we today might be ridiculing our *mid-Charlottean* ancestors.

"The number of fictional omnibuses now being put on to the roads," says the London *Times Library Supplement*, "seems to threaten congestion: they are one more sign of times in which as much as possible is demanded for the smallest outlay. Yet whether the criterion be racial, or single authorship, or special content, or merit or place of original publication, these collections of modern fiction are only examples of an old principle. Some would have it that the Homeric poems were an omnibus: the Arabian Nights' Entertainments were certainly another."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

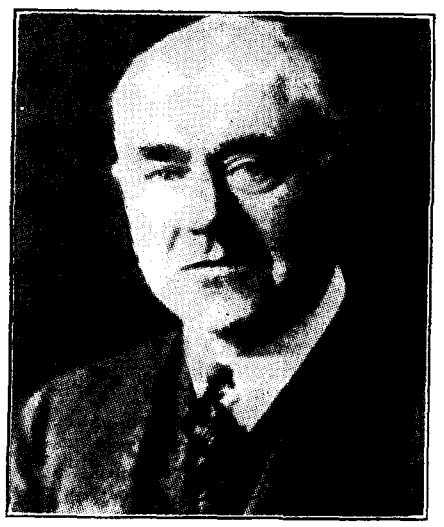
MURDER AND MISCELLANY

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

NINETEEN hundred and thirty-three has started swimmingly for the reader of mystery stories. A new Fletcher, a new Oppenheim, a new Walling, the first Van Dine in two years—with a Peter Wimsey yarn by Dorothy Sayers and many others in the imminent offing—should do much to change thoughts of the depression to pleasanter things. Once in the hands of these masters of Detechnocracy all other values are liquidated.

The first Oppenheim for the new year, "Murder at Monte Carlo," reveals the English writer as completely familiar with



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

the trend of the times. British, or Continental rascals, are not good enough for him. So he transports an entire mob of American gangsters to the quiet little rock of Monaco. There they conduct themselves as good little gangsters should, and the whirr of roulette wheels is soon supplanted by the clatter of automatics. An American expatriate, who suspects that some of the smoothest members of the Casino aristocracy are not all they should be, finally saves the day for justice and peaceful gambling. The final scene contains enough action for two average full-length thrillers. (Little, Brown: $2.) Mentioning this book reminds the reviewer that "The Ostrokoff Jewels," last of the '32 Oppenheim vintage, has not found its way into this cranny of crime. In the old Opp. tradition, that one. International intrigue, with an American hero, a briefcase full of Russian jewels, and a lovely Muscovite lady who is this and that from one perilous page to another until her identity is finally revealed. The story contains some thrilling chapters on an airplane—which must have been as big as a duplex apartment with the cruising radius of the *Rex*. Such details should be ignored. (Little, Brown: $2.)

"Murder of the Lawyer's Clerk," by J. S. Fletcher (Knopf: $2), finds Ronald Camberwell and his pal Chaney still busy collecting material for the former's case book. In this case an antiquarian is murdered, an old book disappears, a lawyer's clerk vanishes and turns up dead, and the heirs of the local squire—deceased from dipsomania—get tangled up in the web of crime that ends with much more bloodshed than is usual in Fletcher yarns. As usual, there is much more atmosphere than detection, but it is very good reading.

"The Nameless Crime," by Walter P. Masterman (Dutton: $2), should really be nameless in this column. Memories of "The Yellow Mistletoe" made us read it. The villain's name is Ginburg—Count Ginburg of the Holy Roman Empire—and one chapter beginneth "And Ginburg, the arch find?" Then there is the place where "the devil of desire seized him, she was completely at his mercy." But a bottle of vitriol breaks on his proud Holy Roman head at the end and, screaming, he pops over a convenient cliff into the quiet sea.

There is excellent stuff in "The Murder of Caroline Bundy," by Alice Campbell (Farrar & Rinehart: $2). Neil Sharkey, an American biographer with a commission to do a life of Miss Bundy's revered father, does most of the detective work after the elderly spinster disappears and is found dead. So good is the tale that though one feels pretty sure about the identity of the criminal midway, and the characters seem extremely obtuse, you go right on. There is some rather eerie stuff about spirit photography and a buried crypt in which the Grail is supposed to be hidden,—and an exciting and embattled climax, and pleasant "love interest."

The supernatural, occult, whatever you choose to call it, appears to stalk through the pages of "The Crime in the Crystal," by Robert Hare (Longmans, Green: $2). It turns out quite logically in the end, and the vision that old Mr. Cleeves had of his murdered nephew, also the things he saw when he went crystal gazing, are satisfactorily explained for matter-of-fact readers. The clever criminal tries to poison the artistic Mr. Cleeves, and then, when all the suspects are behind lock and key, the old gentleman goes up in flames in his studio—after his niece has momentarily seen his body with marks of violence upon it. But the mystery doesn't end there. A strongbox and a wily butler become involved in affairs of the deceased Cleeves, and Inspector Gearing, who has the case in hand, is entirely flummoxed up to the end—a surprise ending which writes all the crimes off the books. For steady interest and good writing this tale is hard to surpass.

Mystery fans will not soon forget "Club Foot," that remarkable German spy creation of Valentine Williams. Here he is again in "The Mystery of the Gold Box" (Houghton Mifflin: $2). It takes the reader back to the days just before the World War when almost anything could happen in secret European diplomacy. "Club Foot," a not altogether unamiable creature, kills intelligence department officers, steals plans, purloins letters, and is always foiled in the nick of time by Charteris, the Brave Young Englisher. The battle of wits between "The Lame One" and his British opponents is about as exciting as those who like real old-fashioned thrillers could wish.

And there, quite unpremeditated, stand seven straight reviews of English mystery stories. Anglophile is a name that causes ructions in writing circles these days, so we turn hastily to "Danger in the Dark," by Arthur M. Chase, a tale that takes place, so far as location can be determined, in the confines of the Empire State. Old Mr. Van Tassel—who took a suitcase full of currency to his country villa, hid it in a well, ordered a retreat to New York when his family was attacked by bandits while at dinner, and was found later deep in the well where his money went—is the victim on whom Gene Mallory, writer of mystery fiction, tries to prove his value as a real detective. The village police dismiss the death as an accident, but Mallory knows better and delves into the history of the family and its retainers until he hits the tiny clue that leads to the solution. The story has plenty of movement, and the detective work is honest and aboveboard. (Dodd, Mead: $2.)

There are two ladies, at present appearing on the Farrar & Rinehart mystery program, who may always be depended upon to send cadenzas of thrills up and down this impressionable spine. They are Helen Reilly, whose latest yarn is "The Doll's Trunk Murder," and Leslie Ford, whose "Murder in Maryland" is one of the few detective stories of 1932 that should not be missed. "The Doll's Trunk Murder" is one of those lonely-farmhouse-on-a-snow-swept-mountainside affairs. The owner of the farmhouse dies mysteriously, the lone lady who rents the house has a sinister past, the snowbound motorists are suspicious folk—all in all you can't turn a page without something criminal happening. Three people perish before the guilty person is found—and his unmasking is about the only disappointment in the story. The woman doctor who first appeared in "The Watchman's Clock" is also the leading figure in "Murder in Maryland," a tale that bears out the proverbial diabolic origin of the small town. The poisoning of old Miss Nettie Wyndham unearths a regular viper's nest of thievery, anonymous letters, and intrigue. So much of the trouble is chargeable to the malevolent old lady that the reader is rather inclined to root for the murderer—whose identity is practically unguessable. The story is full of good character studies, and the small-town atmosphere is capitally presented.

"Those Seven Alibis," by Charles G. Booth (Morrow: $2), is a Pacific coast mystery in which a dealer in antiques is murdered and everybody for miles around has an unbreakable alibi. Of course such a pleasant state of affairs can't last, and the reader will have a grand time watching the faulty alibi finally crumble. Following the course of crime still westward the next book worthwhile is "The Branded Spy Murders," by Van Wyck Mason (Crime Club: $2). This happens in Honolulu, and is an international affair, in which a United States secret service man finally defeats the plotters who would plunge America and Japan into warfare. Quite a few people are dispatched in various unpleasant ways before the heroine dies and saves the game. No more a "mystery" than the "Club Foot" tale previously mentioned, but exciting reading.

In our first paragraph we mentioned the new R. A. J. Walling story. "In Time for Murder" is its name, Mr. Tolefree, familiar to Walling followers, is the detective in charge. There is a robbery, an abduction, and a murder, and Mr. Tolefree exercises his talents as a sleuth very admirably. It is, if anything, a little better than "The Fatal Five Minutes."

Crime and Discovery

BRED IN THE BONE. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"BRED IN THE BONE" follows the main outlines of a detective story,—its action begins with the revocation of a crime, and its last chapter contains the explanation of how the crime was committed, giving some details which we had not known before; but it differs from the mystery novel in the essential point that we know from

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

the first who is guilty, and our point of view throughout is that of the murderers.

The murder was done by a man and a woman, Peter Bryden and Avis Ullathorne, upon Peter's brother Lawrence, because he stood in the way of their love. Throughout, Avis is the moving spirit; she has done her work well, and is pleased with it; she has very little fear of detection, and as a matter of fact is not detected, and no fear at all of heaven or hell. The book falls into two parts, first the battle of wits between Avis and the officers of the law who, because of the obvious motive, suspect her; the second Avis's deadlier struggle with the remorse in Peter, a feeling which she cannot comprehend but which drives him to suicide.

This cannot be called a successful experiment. One's interest is divided between the detective story and the psychological problem involved, and each of them is weakened by the other. For half the book the interest is simply melodramatic, in one sense of the word: it is merely the old Wilkie-Collins duel of ingenuity, in which no real emotion enters for because of Avis's complete self-confidence, we do not even share the emotion of the hunted. And the ingenuity is not of a high order; the crime is so well planned that to give the law a fingerhold, Mr. Phillpotts is forced to descend to making the murderer leave one weak spot, not through oversight, but through quite unexplained impulse. In the second part, the psychological interest fails because Avis is too simple—if you will, too elemental—but at all events not sufficiently complex. It is not that she is not true to life; Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson has demonstrated that the unrepentant and confident murderer is commoner in fact than the haunted Macbeth; there is indeed evidently some reason in nature for these hard hearts; but of such a type one can no more make a long-drawn study than of a tigress.

The book has in fact the fatal defect that there is no satisfactory point of view for the reader. He cannot sympathize with the cold-blooded poisoners, and share the anxiety of their struggles; but they do not rise to tragic figures; they have not the magnitude, the sense of guilt and greatness, necessary for the satisfactions of tragedy. Their story can have only the interest of a game of chess played by strangers; it comes full circle and falls into the classification of books which appeal only by the intellectual interest of their stories.

Expatriates' Tales

AMERICANS IN EUROPE. Edited by PETER NEAGOE. The Hague. Servire Press. 1932. $2.50.

A PRETTY sad compilation of writing representative of the work of fifty-two Americans, native-born or nationalized, who are or have been (three are dead) at various times resident in Europe. A good twenty of them now reside in this country and a large proportion were never in any sense expatriates, but, as the announcement says, "sought stimulation in Europe." Mr. Neagoe is well aware of his authors' reasons for preferring Europe to America, and in his preface makes out a poor case for their preference, as it should be axiomatic by now that, in the case of the artist, as well as of any other man, while travel may provide stimulation, he carries himself with him wherever he goes. Roots have an affinity for native soil.

The bulk of the material which fills this compact volume remains of that class which the bourgeois, whose ideals and ideas are so enthusiastically condemned by the expatriate group, would call freakish. Injudicious selections have also been made from authors whose work has generally demonstrated solidity, maturity, and sincerity. Conrad Aiken, Kay Boyle, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Kreymbourg, and Paul Rosenfeld are represented by distinctly mediocre contributions. Whit Burnett, Robert Sage, Peter Neagoe (who provides perhaps the best of the lot), Robert McAlmon, Malcolm Cowley, E. E. Cummings, James T. Farrell, and William Carlos Williams offer pleasant pieces of prose and verse that will not add to their stature. The rest are negligible. If this seems a sweeping statement, a conscientious perusal of the contents will convince the reader. Once more we are confronted by the esoteric, the purposefully obscure, the queer for queerness' sake, the patently insincere, the itch to shock, the pathetically feeble: Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, Wambley Bald, Bob Brown, the Crosbys, Jolas, Henry Miller, Samuel Putnam, Joseph Schrank, Lawrence Vail, Lincoln Gillespie (who has now abandoned his improvisations on Joycean themes and writes in arithmetical and musical diagrams), Charles Henri Ford, all perform literary antics which will—whether they were so intended or not—*épater le bourgeois*, which have no point of reference to anything in human experience, which can in their very nature make no contact with the most experienced reader.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

GREEK SCULPTURE AND PAINTING to the End of the Hellenistic Period. By J. D. BEAZLEY and BERNARD ASHMOLE. Macmillan. 1932. $3.25.

Students will welcome this fully illustrated reprint of two standard articles in the last Encyclopædia Britannica. There is a useful select bibliography brought down to date of publication. The illustrations are well made and grouped at the end of the book. How fully the cuts are carried to date may be judged by the fact that the much and variously discussed archaic Apollo of the Metropolitan Museum is included. The authors clearly had an advance view. In general, American collections are more generously represented than is usual in a study of this sort. For the classroom or for reference nothing more convenient could be imagined.

AN OUTLINE OF MODERN PAINTING in Europe and America. By S. C. KAINES SMITH. Morrow. 1932.

In this book of English manufacture the accomplished Keeper of the Birmingham Museum comes off well in a task of great difficulty. The writing is alert, the incidental comment generally just and often brilliant. Lack of space prevented discussion of the schools of Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia. A more regrettable omission is that of the vigorous contemporary Mexican School. Lack of space again forbade any sufficient treatment of the doctrines of French and German Modernism, but the book avowedly is rather descriptive than critical.

The American School claims the lion's share of pages, some sixty, against an average of forty per nation. In general, though under obvious disadvantage of partial observation, the treatment is discriminating, especially so in the earlier period. In the contemporary field there are bad gaps and disproportions. Ryder is barely mentioned without even a hint of his significance. Vedder, Thayer, Theodore Robinson, Marin, Demuth, Hopper, and Burchfield are ignored.

However, these are more or less inevitable defects in any broad survey. In general, the book is very readable and informing and with its sixteen good color plates and numerous halftones has a claim upon the reader whose art library must be small and yet fairly comprehensive. There is a good index, a convenience rare enough in these days to deserve special note.

Economics

OUR ECONOMIC LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIAN IDEALS. Association Press.

THE ECONOMIC RESULTS OF PROHIBITION. By *Clark Warburton*. Columbia University Press. $3.25.

READINGS IN ECONOMIC PLANNING. By *J. George Frederick*. Business Bourse. $3.50.

Miscellaneous

DAUGHTERS KNOWN TO FAME. By *Lena C. Ahlers*. Chicago: Whitman. $1.25 net.

FALL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. 1914-18. Selected and edited by *Ralph Haswell Lutz*. Stanford University Press. 2 vols. $12.

AMERICAN POPULATION BEFORE THE FEDERAL CENSUS OF 1790. By *Evarts B. Greene* and *Virginia D. Harrington*. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

MEDICAL CARE FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. University of Chicago Press.

ENGLISH PUBLIC FINANCE. By *Frederick C. Dietz*. Century. $4.

CRIME FOR PROFIT. By *Ernest D. MacDougall*. Stratford. $2.

ANNUAL INDEX-DIGEST. Vol. VI of the *United States Daily*. Washington, D. C.

Brief Mention

A study of *The Good Quaker in French Legend*, by Edith Philips, just published by the University of Pennsylvania Press ($2.50), and interestingly illustrated, is much more than a contribution to the history of a sect. The author has tried to explain why the French intellectuals should have expressed an almost sentimental interest in the Quakers although Quakerism in itself never made any progress in France. The point seems to be that the logical French saw in Quakerism an attempt to make ideas prevail over circumstance. They believed that the Quakers were applying in practice some of the ideas of simplicity and naturalness of living which eighteenth century thought favored so highly. The result was that the reputation of the Quakers in French literature went up and down but always exercised a spell over the French imagination. With this book it is interesting to note the publication by the Beacon Press of Boston of a study of *Faustus Socinus*, by David M. Cory ($2), that Italian of the Renaissance who, advocating both tolerance and unitarianism, made Socinianism an important word in the history of religious conflict. * * * An interesting little book is *The Boy George Washington, Aged Sixteen*, his own account of an Iroquois Indian dance, by Albert Cook Myers, Philadelphia ($3), printed from manuscripts in the Library of Congress. * * * An excellent production, characteristic of the work of the Oxford University Press, is to be seen in *The Memoirs of Sir Robert Sibbald:* 1641-1722, edited by F. P. Hett ($3). The importance of this book is its refutation of the charge against Sir Robert Sibbald of forging Ben Jonson's *Conversations*. The Memoirs are brief and largely educational. * * * Johnck and Seegar of San Francisco have published the life of the sculptor Arthur Putnam, with many plates of his work. * * * The newspapers recently have made many references to Gordon Townsend Bowles's extraordinary statistics in his *New Types of Old Americans at Harvard and at Eastern Women's Colleges* ($2.50), by which he shows the increasing height of the new generation in American colleges by comparison with their parents. Already the Harvard students have, with one exception, the highest recorded average of any racial group in the world. * * * We note in passing *The Linguistic Analysis of Mathematics* by Arthur F. Bentley (Bloomington, Indiana, Principia Press), a highly technical study in the borderline between pure mathematics and logic and a contribution to the new attempts to study the content of words.

JAMES GOULD COZZENS'
New Novel
THE LAST ADAM
By the author of S. S. SAN PEDRO

fun to read
It's a grand story with a firm base in reality.

really distinguished in style
"We have needed something like this to complete our literature," says the *N. Y. Times*.

the new year's sensation
A second printing of 10,000 ordered one week after publication. $2.50.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Points of View

Proletariat Literature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: To expect the *Saturday Review* which is, after all, a bourgeois publication in a society dominantly bourgeois, to hit the nail on the head in its editorials on Proletariat Literature is silly. And yet the increasing number of these editorials, and the *Review's* seeming interest in the matter, makes it necessary to point out the general fallacy behind the editorial point of view.

The *Review's* statement that what today passes for a proletariat literature is really a literature about the proletariat is true. But this is no indictment—it is, rather, a mere statement of fact. More than that, it is also an indication of a very slow change in public attitude. If literature reflects life, then this evidence of a growing interest in books about the proletarian and his point of view is a thing to be thankful for.

But the *Saturday Review* makes its great mistake in asking for a proletariat literature now. A proletariat literature cannot flow out of a society which is not proletarian. It can only come after the revolution which will do away with capitalism and will usher in the new, the truly proletarian order. And this literature will be the something new in literature that critics have been crying for ever since I've been reading books. It will be a literature which will not have to depend upon exploitation, rises to material success, sex, crime, or abnormality as does our present bourgeois literature. It will, on the other hand, reflect the strong, active, clean, straight-thinking life, unhampered by stupid convention, inbred inhibitions, and false premises, of that better world which is surely coming.

What passes for proletariat literature today cannot be more than it is. There is no true, complete proletarian in society now. He would be a contradiction in our capitalistic order. And like him, his literature cannot be complete and true. It can only be a fighting thing, or one of despair, or one that flows from his present attitude in a world he desperately wants to change. The complete proletarian, as well as his literature, will flower only when society is proletarian, and that flowering will be a more splendid thing than we know today.

The *Saturday Review*, when it asks for a proletariat literature, asks, by implication, for the revolution. And since the *Review* is not a revolutionary paper, and since it does pride itself on its fairness of statement, it should review the present proletariat literature, which is incomplete and one-sided as it must be in a society not proletarian, not as a literature which has already reached its flower, but as a literature of discontent and revolt, worthy of consideration in its own present right.

BERTRAM ENOS.

Wilmette, Ill.

[*Certainly this Review hopes for change, which is, after all, always revolution, though the tempo may be slow. But we are a little less certain as to the nature of proletarian society, when and if it comes, than Mr. Enos, and therefore more curious as to the developing taste of our own masses under such change as is already on the horizon.—The Editor.*]

Firkins Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, is planning to publish a volume of letters of the late Oscar W. Firkins. It will be appreciated if readers having any of Mr. Firkins's letters will communicate with the editors of the Press.

NETTA W. WILSON,
Publicity Department,
University of Minnesota.

Swedenborgianism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: As the review of "The New Church in the New World," appearing in your issue of October 29, gives an erroneous explanation of certain of Swedenborg's teachings, and an unfortunate impression generally, may I have the privilege of making some necessary corrections?

This book is the result of several years' study of the subject by its author, an instructor on comparative religion at Columbia University. As an outcome, Mrs. Block, member of an orthodox church, finds herself able to say: "In place of the pietism and other worldliness to which the more catholic branches of the church are attending in their reaction to modern materialism, the New Church offers a far saner philosophy in its belief that the two worlds, though separate and distinct, are yet mutually interdependent, and that the highest form of life on the material plane, the fullest and the richest, is at the same time the highest form of spiritual life."

On the other hand, to take up but one misunderstanding on the part of the reviewer, had the critic first-hand knowledge of the subject, I am sure he would not have stated that by Swedenborg's "so-called science of correspondences anything might be proved." Correspondences are not the same as analogies or allegories. Parallels and similarities are not the same as relationships. "Correspondences" have reference to the relationship between the spiritual and the material, or the supernatural and the natural. Admittedly there is a relationship and a definite connection. To illustrate, ordinarily we immediately know another's frame of mind by the tone of his voice or the look on his face. The former is, of course, spiritual or mental, while the body on which the attitude is pictured is physical. The point is they exactly and simultaneously correspond.

Similarly, in the Sacred Scriptures, the explanation of which was perhaps Swedenborg's greatest work, when, for example, God is spoken of as a rock, no one thinks for a moment that the Deity is composed of so much stone. It is instantly perceived that this word corresponds to state or disposition.

The same law or science (of correspondences) applies throughout the Sacred Scriptures, and as a matter of fact throughout nature, including man.

LESLIE MARSHALL,
Committee on Publications.

The total number of books published in England up to the end of November 1931 was 14,269, of which 4,169 were new editions. 4,477 novels have appeared, 2,534 of which were new.

This is "Miss MacTavish" as drawn by Marguerite Kirmse

This is a Chinese vase - or ceramic - (artist unknown)

They both figure prominently in "The Kennel Murder Case" the new Philo Vance Story by S. S. Van Dine which is now being read by all those who, unashamedly, enjoy a good murder. $2.00

Readers who like short, vivid biographies of interesting men will find five penetrating studies in "Studies in Sublime Failure" by Shane Leslie The men are Lord Curzon, Cardinal Newman, Coventry Patmore, Charles Stewart Parnell and Morton Frewen. "A brilliant book" said Cecil Roberts in "The Sphere" (London). with portraits $3.75

Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

T. S. ELIOT AGAIN

I HAD hardly begun to read Hugh Ross Williamson's *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot*, an explanation for the layman who encounters difficulties in reading Eliot (the book is published by Putnam), when I began to encounter the same cocksureness of statement and presentation as unarguable of considerably arguable matters that always and unfortunately seems to mark the champions of this poet. Occasionally Eliot has been a fine poet indeed, but in this book he seems to be very near to a positive god with a new dispensation. Rather irritated, I admit—for single-track minds often do irritate me—I picked up the *Criterion* for January and found "Five Finger Exercises," by T. S. Eliot. I am somewhat tired of his trick of lifting phrases from other poets and using them to give smartness in this case to trivia. He is even, it would seem, into dear old Edward Lear now. And after brief addresses to a Persian cat, a Yorkshire terrier, and a duck in the park, he contrasts Ralph Hodgson and himself.

How delightful to meet Mr. Hodgson!
(Everyone wants to know him.)

Then, poor Mr. Eliot:

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
With his Features of Clerical Cut,
And his Brow so Grim
And his Mouth so Prim
And his Conversation, so Nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And If & Perhaps & But.
How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
With a bobtail Cur
In a Coat of Fur
And a Porpentine Cat
And a wopsical Hat;
How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!
(Whether his Mouth be Open or Shut).

That must be great satirical verse. Obviously it must. It is the latest word of the prophet. It must have significance for our century. But why the trouble of a comparison with Mr. Hodgson, who is a fine poet within his own limited sphere just as Eliot is within *his* own limited sphere? It is rather disappointing to get such five finger exercises from Mr. Eliot now, when people are writing books about him and waiting for more vital work. So I returned to Mr. Williamson's book.

It gets a great deal better, this book. It enters successfully into an intricate but clear analysis of Eliot's poems and, naturally, of "The Waste Land" in particular. It is, in fact, the best-informed and most intelligent analysis for the layman that I have yet read. And the dangers I felt were going to direfully beset Mr. Williamson in his enthusiasm are, for the most part, resisted. Eliot is worth knowing through the introduction of this writer, if you are one who has never tackled him before. He emerges as a considerable poet, erudite, esoteric, with eccentricities that the future will not praise as does the present, but with great subtlety, for all his obscurity, and a studious wisdom. Perhaps he will always remain too "literary" for the average reader. I think he is more to be compared to John Donne than any writer we have had since Donne, and Donne is caviare to the general. I do not believe a great deal that is said concerning Eliot's notable influence on contemporary literature, but his innovations have unquestionably been valuable to poetry, and his ratiocination stimulating.

SPANGLED UNICORN

Mr. Noel Coward's *Spangled Unicorn* (Doubleday, Doran), a book of parodies of modern poetry garnished with absurd photographs of the pretended authors included in this "anthology," cannot, I think, be dismissed as mere farce. The take-offs are too clever. There is a great deal of absurdity going on today under the guise of poetry, and there is a great deal of stuff being written that sounds most perilously like the outpourings of the contributors—all of whom, of course, are Mr. Coward—to *Spangled Unicorn*. The book should be healthy for the poseurs and the semi-precious, if they will ever read it.

SAGA OF LUMBERMEN

Frederic Brush's *The Long Hills* (Philadelphia: Roland Swain Company) is a narrative written in twenty chapters, a saga of the descendants of our early eastern pioneers, who conquered the forests of the Alleghanies. To disintangle the story from its verse-setting is one's principal interest in it, for though there is a certain amount of authentic atmosphere in the sprawling work there is also quite a lot of plainly bad verse. I feel that Mr. Brush had amassed good material, material of a new kind with fresh dramatic values, but that he has been very clumsy in making anything out of it. In places there seems to creep in the influence of Robinson Jeffers, the force of his cadences. Some of it is just flat prose. The folk-song and folk-ballad intrude to lose, somehow, a good deal of what must have been their native flavor. As folk-literature, however, the book does have a certain value. It has practically none as literature.

THE FUTURE OF POETRY

In *Farewell, My Muse* (Macmillan), Clifford Bax begins with an interesting "Valedictory Note," in which he states that a poet of today "has no more reason than an archer for expecting that many people will care to hear him talk of his craft." Nevertheless, he goes on to talk about it. Toward the end of his brief essay he admits feeling that "The future of poetry seems to me dark. Poetic emotion, I believe, pertains to a deep and simple level of human consciousness. 'Clever' people have developed, or contracted, to a state in which they cannot feel it. I would say at a venture that all simple peoples respond to poetry just as they express themselves by dancing and singing, etc." That is the sort of thing I myself do not believe. Poetry is multifarious. The growing "cleverness" of people, if such is the case, will simply evolve a new sort of poetry—as Mr. Eliot indeed, to return to him, has shown us,—so that it seems to me to say that "a clever age is fatal to poetic feeling" is not necessarily true. Mr. Bax, however, ends, "and whenever someone asks me whether I think that another great poet will soon appear among us, I incline to answer that poetry represents a bygone phase in the history of the hu-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

R. L., *Philadelphia, asks for books, fiction or non-fiction, that will give a clear idea of the life and activities of those people who are in care of lighthouses in the United States or elsewhere.*" "The Romance of Lighthouses and Lifeboats," by T. W. Corbin (Lippincott) is an octavo volume full of pictures; it describes not only lighthouse life but all apparatus and appliances for lifesaving. "Lighthouses and Lightships of the United States," by G. R. Putnam (Houghton Mifflin) is another large and copiously illustrated book, comprehensive and interesting. "Sentinels along Our Coast," by Francis Arnold Collins (Century), is a popular treatment of the subject, which seems to interest boys and men alike.

For novels with trustworthy information, I turned at once to my new, fiercely treasured Christmas present, the enlarged and revised "Guide to the Best Fiction," by Ernest A. Baker (Macmillan). Everybody knows "Baker's Guide"; to own it saves me shoeleather, the nearest public library being at some distance; to own it in the new edition will be a necessity for public libraries, for the old edition was getting too rich in OP's. Here I find R. M. Ballantyne's "The Light House" and "The Life Boat" exciting and reliable, about the northern lighthouse of England (and how many British boys have been brought up on Ballantyne!) "The Light of Scarthey," by the Castles, a romance of Napoleon's Hundred Days; "The Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall" in Sienkiewicz's "Sielanka," based on his American experiences; "Caleb West: Master Diver," by Hopkinson Smith, rich in the heroism involved in erecting a lighthouse. Whatever Joseph Lincoln writes about lighthouses is true to life; he knows them from a boy: see "Rugged Water" (Appleton). And though I can't say that the look-out tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company in the port of Gloucester, Mass., is exactly a lighthouse, yet I found such a grand story in James Brendon Connolly's "Out of Gloucester" (Scribner), taking place in its precincts, that I put it straightway into "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd, Mead).

PROFESSOR CORNELIUS WEYGANDT, author of "A Passing America," would be convinced that it has not altogether passed could he see my mail concerning the reference to his book, in the *Guide*. He wrote wistfully, you may recall, of such vanished delights as covered bridges, oxen, buckwheat cakes, the old-fashioned supper, feather-beds, high boots. "Speaking of high boots": says one man, and laconically pins on four pages of the current Sears-Roebuck catalogue, bristling with high-tops of every sort. Another asks if Vermont is not in the Union, for how, says he, could a Vermonter get through any winter without a featherbed? Here I can testify: he could not; even with one, there are nights when moving two inches is like rolling on to a cake of ice. I have received heavenly photographs of covered bridges —one of the loveliest is far out in the Middle West—but then we had a spell of covered bridges in these columns not long since. Dinner, says a Massachusetts man, still divides the day in his family and in the families of his friends, and as for buckwheat cakes, the only way they vanish there is down the local throat.

But my closest connection with the controversy is through the madeira vine. Inspired by Professor Weygandt's quest for the disappearing daphne, I asked where I could get a madeira vine, the most engaging and cooperating houseplant in creation, and if I could find also a wax-plant, I would be all set. So Benjamin Wallace Douglas, who maintains a sort of super-food factory at Hickory Hill, Trev-

(*Continued on next page*)

Macmillan announces

H. G. WELLS'

New Novel

THE BULPINGTON of BLUP

All the rich experience of thirty years' prolific writing crowded into 400 pages of *the most unusual novel of many seasons*—all the human understanding of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through", all the analytical power and courage of "Tono-Bungay", all the creative imagery of "The Research Magnificent"!

●

A strange, appealing story of the struggle, from childhood to maturity, of a man and his ego. So different in concept and treatment from everyday fiction that there is no book to which it can be compared... *Only* WELLS *could have written it.*

At all bookstores $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

lac, Indiana, sent me a root, all planted in a pot, with a friendly stalk putting up its little nose and getting ready to grow. I showed it to my mother and she told me how she and her little sister Ida, in Massachusetts, more than eighty years ago, used to set a mark on the wall at the place the madeira vine had reached when they started for school in the morning, and marvel to see how far it had passed it when they came back in the afternoon. Next day my mother, sitting at tea with her friends, went out of this world—and now, come back from taking her home to Massachusetts, I see how much the little madeira vine has grown.

Ben Douglass goes on:

> So long as you folks down East have this attitude toward America you are not reflecting American opinion but merely the opinion of New York—which I, for one, do not consider American.
>
> I want to assure you that there are a lot of "gary hens" still scratching around and occasionally laying eggs. Madeira vines are listed in every seedsman's catalogue that comes to my desk—and a lot of them come. Buckwheat cakes are not a daily event at Hickory Hill, but they appear several times a winter and they have by no means passed out of the picture. In fact, I imagine you may buy self-rising buckwheat flour even in New York. Covered bridges are less common than formerly but they still exist. I know of three within ten miles of Hickory Hill—one that was moved and re-erected this year. High boots were probably never so common in American rural communities as one would think from a reading of rural fiction. Supper has by no means been abandoned. In fact, although many of my neighbors consider that I lead a most effete existence, I manage to eat supper daily—unless we happn to have guests at the house when the name is occasionally changed to dinner.
>
> All of which is suggested by your notes in the December 24th issue. Believe me, there really are some old-fashioned things left in the world. The trouble is that most of the folks who write won't bother to find it out—or else they look in the wrong places. One of my many jobs is writing stuff for farm papers. I poke around in rural communities more than in the towns and cities and I assure you that rural America still exists and it's not terribly different from the rural America of many years ago.
>
> Incidentally, American booksellers are overlooking this part of their market.
>
> "Country people" read quite a lot. They read some of the new books *eagerly*. For instance, we tried out "The Good Earth" in a small market town near us. I think the book went from family to family until nearly everyone in town had read it. We had difficulty getting our copy back. I think that if they were given a chance that the farm folks would buy books of that character. I don't think they would take to "The Night Life of the Gods" or to "The Bishop's Jaegers"—at least not openly. They have shown an interest in "Shadows on the Rock," "Invasion," "Magnificent Obsession," and other recent popular successes. Why don't publishers try to get their stuff across to this waiting market? Why let Zane Grey gobble up the whole farm market field? Farm folks like Zane Grey only because they don't know anything better.
>
> And, for the new year, I hope that all of you on the *Review* try and get away from that New York viewpoint that talks about a "vanishing America." America is still as real as the desert in which the ostrich hides its head in an effort to escape from the sand. Don't hide your heads in New York.

Round about Parnassus

(Continued from preceding page)

man mind." This I definitely do not believe. In examining Mr. Bax's own verse, I regret to find most of it of prosaic quality, and despite a certain gift for narrative and a sense of drama in the longer poems, it seems to be overcast with a stale traditionalism. There is no revivifying of language. But one should not judge too severely. This poetry is obviously of another era, the lesser work of another era, and sounds strange in our own day.

A THESIS-ESSAY ON JEFFERS

From Cros-de-Cagnes, Alpes-Maritimes, Lawrence Clark Powell has sent me his thesis-essay on Robinson Jeffers, entitled *An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers*. At the time of its appearance he also published in Dijon an edition of several score copies of the essay, in plain cover and title-page, *sans* the university labels, which is now being sold on the Pacific Coast through such bookstores as Jake Zeitlin's and Dawson's in Los Angeles, and Gelber & Lilienthal in San Francisco. His distributing agent for the few remaining copies not in the bookstores is Ward Ritchie at 1400 Milan Avenue, South Pasadena, California. Two New York houses refused the book on the grounds that it would not sell enough copies to pay the printing. That may be so, but in my own opinion Mr. Powell has done an unusually intelligent biographical work on the poet, and one to which all students of Jeffers will have to go in the future. It is strikingly complete. Needless to say, the biographer is making no money in the venture. He was required to furnish a number of theses to his foreign university, and so, at little additional cost, printed the plain copies.

LIGHT VERSE

In a common category are Wilfred J. Funk's rhymes in *Light Wines and Dears* (McBride) interspersed with the kind of pen-and-ink drawings Jefferson Machamer has been doing for some time. As light, light verse the book is fair to middling, though one is constantly interrupted by Mr. Machamer's slim young women mostly without any clothes on. Mr. Funk is best when he is lightest. His little book is a fairly stereotyped interpretation of the Wet Era, and of

> *Weaving hips and muted brasses,*
> *Livid lips and amber glasses . . .*

though livid means, of course, "of a bluish color, the color of a bruise." Quite good journalism this. Nothing more.

A report from Russia states that a special suburb is to be built outside Leningrad next year to house a colony of writers!

It's being
talked about
thought about
read the second time

Never ask the End
by Isabel Paterson

—"As real as the hour in which we are living."
ELLEN GLASGOW

—"Beautiful, humorous and not a little disturbing."
BRANCH CABELL

—"By one of the wisest and wittiest women of her time."
BURTON RASCOE

4th PRINTING, $2.50

AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Erhard Ratdolt

ERHARD RATDOLT, ein Meisterdrucker des XV. und XVI. Jahrhunderts. Von DR. ROBERT DIEHL. Vienna, 6 Strohmayergasse: Herbert Reichner. 1933. $2.

AS a handbook on the work of Erhard Ratdolt, who flourished as a printer in Venice from 1476 to 1486, and in Augsburg from that date to 1523, this small book is of interest and value. It is a reprint from the yearbook of the Stempel type foundry in Berlin for 1930.

Dr. Diehl's account of Ratdolt is supplemented by fifty-six reproductions of pages, borders, and initials from Ratdolt's press, comprising a fairly complete conspectus of the work of Ratdolt and of his partners, Maler and Loslein. The examples chosen for reproduction include a wide variety of subjects, a diversity which few of the other early printers could provide. In addition to the ordinary output of the early printing-office, Ratdolt issued books on astronomical and mathematical subjects with illustrations of much interest, and he printed musical notations in black and red.

Naturally the most important item in Ratdolt's work was the use of wood cut borders, introduced into printing by him in the title-page to Regiomontanus's "Calendarium" of 1476.

The famous type-specimen sheet of 1486, dated from Augsburg but probably printed at Venice and intended to be used in the new printing-office at Augsburg—the first printer's specimen sheet—is shown in full but in reduced size. It displays ten varieties of Gothic type, *lettres de forme* of handsome design, three romans, and a Greek font.

The printing of the reproductions is done with much clearness and delicacy, a difficult effect to accomplish in reproductions. His printer's mark, a characteristic Teutonic version of a coat of arms, is shown in the black and red of its usual printing.

Included in a slip case in the cover is a reprinting in modern type of Ratdolt's autobiographical notes. R.

Printing for Libraries

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: THE WARDEN. New York: Printed for Libraries. 1932. $1.50 (to libraries).

MR. EDWARD F. STEVENS, Librarian of the Pratt Institute Free Library in Brooklyn, proposed to the American Library Association a year or so ago that it sponsor a series of reprints of classic English literature, the reprints to be sound in manufacture, attractive in format, and cheap in price. The Association, with somewhat of the ponderous fatuity which characterizes all institutions, rejected the idea. But Mr. Stevens was not to be downed, and he has gone ahead with the scheme. The first fruits are now issued, with the engaging imprint, "Printed for libraries." In Mr. Stevens's own words: "'The Warden' can hardly claim to be a collector's item. It is not even a 'limited edition.' It is just an attempt at an everyday, straightforward, honest-to-goodness book for a man to read and to own." Furthermore he suggests that the reviewer "be indulgent of my product as an attempt at a protest and a demonstration in the light of our sufferings with the pocket reprints."

The present reviewer feels a great interest in this book because of the effort made by its begetter to raise the general standard of ordinary editions of worthwhile books, and whatever is said here is done with the greatest sympathy and admiration for the plan. But since this book is a deliberate attempt to improve on the customary moderate priced reprint it seems to me that a rather particular dissection of the volume may be of interest; the more so as it is seldom that a reviewer is free from all restraints. I have tried this business of getting out respectable, moderate priced books myself, and I know something of the pitfalls and disappointments. But I shall be as particular and as meticulous as I can.

Binding and General Appearance. The book is a small twelvemo, bound in black buckram, with simple stamping in gold on spine and front cover. The cloth and the binders' boards are first-class in quality and appearance; the gold stamping is clean and sharp. *Query* 1: Why not omit the side stamping as unnecessary in a library book, and put the money somewhere else?

The sewing seems good, and the book opens well, but the edges of the cover project, on my copy, just a bit too far.

Paper. Here I find myself in disagreement. The paper is made of soda and sulphite, supposed to be a permanent material; I have no reason to question its permanence, but it has not yet been tested by time. As used in this book, the paper is too thick, making the pages appear stiff, although the grain of the paper runs the right way. *Query* 2: Why not save on the front cover stamping and put the money (and a few cents more) into a rag content paper? (Rag and sulphite would give a more flexible sheet, I think, at slight increase in cost.)

Typography. The book has been set in linotype Granjon, with running heads in linotype Janson: both first-class faces. Carefuly set, as herein, they make for good looks and easy reading. The title-page is well handled, with a reminiscent flavor not unbecoming. A little more attention to the margins would have given the book a bit more style.

The colophon is of the obstreperous kind: large type, and rather too much information. I understand that it was considered desirable to give the details of a new venture; but why do it on the colophon page? I may be wrong, but I don't like elaborate colophons.

Now, having picked all the flaws I can in the book, I want to heartily commend the enterprise, and in general the way it has been carried out. The book is simply but not cheaply printed, and no book needs to be printed in a nasty manner. At the price, $1.50 to libraries, supplied from the Pratt Library, I assume that no profit can accrue to the makers, but the purchaser gets good value for his money, both in appearance and in assurance that the book he buys has been honestly made, and the maker should have been adequately paid for his work. Compensation to Mr. Stevens and Mr. Kittredge (who supervised the printing at the Lakeside Press) must come from satisfaction in having done an interesting and worthwhile thing.

I do not know if the experiment is to be continued, but I hope that it will be, and that the response of buyers will be sufficient to justify the continuance.

R.

W. S. Gilbert

PLAYS AND POEMS by W. S. GILBERT. With a preface by DEEMS TAYLOR. New York: Random House. 1932. $3.50.

THIS is an excellent one-volume edition of the complete plays and poems of W. S. Gilbert. There are over 1200 pages of text, printed on thin paper (happily not india paper). The composition is in a liberal size of Granjon type for easy reading. Gilbert's own illustrations have been reproduced, which adds much to the pleasure to be derived from the book. The contents include the complete text of fourteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas, three other plays, and the Bab Ballads—truly one of the finest storehouses of wit and entertainment which we have. The book is simply and stoutly bound in red buckram, making a handsome and very low-priced book. It is difficult to understand how so good a piece of bookmaking of such size can be sold at the price. R.

Lord David Cecil is to follow up his life of Cowper with one of Lord Melbourne, the Victorian statesman. He has been working on it for two years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

LITTLE REVIEW. 34 issues, 1914-1920. Conley, 102 Ditmars, City Island, N. Y.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNUSUAL BOOKS, private press and limited editions offered at drastic reductions. Catalogue free on request. Cockatoo Press, 1107 Broadway, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogs issued. State interests. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS, ENTIRE LIBRARIES; rare, unusual Editions, Reference, Art Books, bought, sold, exchanged. Mailorders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps). The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA PENDLETON — Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FREE MARKET ANALYSIS of Manuscripts and Songs. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 251 Lexington Avenue.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print Reasonably and promptly supplied.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

MR. LOUIS GREENFIELD, the *Saturday Review's* alert promotion Department, is pleased with the success of his display rack designed to hold copies of the magazine. (See *Trade Winds* of Dec. 24 for photo of same.) More than 20 bookstores in New York City are already using the stand, and Mr. Greenfield also points with pride to his first six orders from out-of-town. This is his roll of honor: The Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass.; The Book Room, West Chester, Pa.; Ben Bavly, Detroit, Mich.; State College Co-op Bookshop, Albany, N. Y.; The Hollywood Bookstore, Hollywood, Calif.; and the Kensington High School for Girls, Philadelphia.

This very convenient metal easel, which offers the magazine for display and also a copy of any current book, is sold at $1, which is much below cost.

Poor Old Quercus, who was feeling fiscally anæmic the other day, found something unaccountably amusing in a news story (N. Y. *Herald Tribune*) about the religious revival of the Oxford Group. Dr. Frank Buchmann, leader of the Group, was interviewed by a reporter:—

> "Look at this," he said. He drew a check for $50 out of his breast pocket. "I just found that there when I put my hand in for my handkerchief. That's what happens all the time in the Group."

After reading this Old Quercus made a thoughtful reconnaissance of all his own pockets, found nothing more helpful than a lot of circulars from publishers, and went sombrely on his way to a Walgreen drug-store—those really extraordinary bazaars which have introduced into New York the Middle Western idea of a pharmacy.

Times of depression always cause religious movements of many kinds; for our own part we believe in them all though we attend none of their meetings. What we read about the Oxford Group occasionally suggests a robust hearty sort of Charles Kingsley flavor which is very painful to some people. The book called *For Sinners Only*, by A. J. Russell (Harpers, $1.50), describes the working of the Oxford Group in a somewhat flamboyant style. It will strongly annoy some readers, who do not care for their religion to be quite so breezy and back-slapping; but it is interesting as is every sincere attempt to explore the puzzles of human conduct.

Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon peoples have little talent for religion. Old Quercus likes his religion to come from the authentic East: he notes that the Bahai Cause is being discussed in a series of lectures (Jan. 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12) by Pandit J. C. Chatterji and others at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. We ourself are always struck by a certain paradox in the holding of meetings of mystical humility in Ritz Carltons and Waldorfs.

But these are matters dangerously liable to controversy. What was at the back of our mind is that if a book of real spiritual force should happen to come along it would find a huge audience waiting for it. Meanwhile, how about rereading *Leaves of Grass*?

The Union News Company, which operates the excellent restaurant on the Lower Level of the Grand Central Station, has a nice touch in its bulletins to gastronomes. They inform us that on Tuesdays they serve Cassoulet Castelnaudary, which they describe thus:—

> Castelnaudary is a small town in Southwest France, close to the Pyrenees and this dish is the "Boston Baked Beans" of the Basque country.
>
> A pot full of white marrow fat beans, a strip of pork on the top, slices of well-flavored goose (that noble bird) and a few slivers of imported French sausage flirting with garlic, all baked together in their individual jar.

Speaking of good eating, an admirable ragout of beef (cooked in red wine) was served by a West 45 Street innkeeper on an occasion of trade importance. Mr. Isaac Mendoza, of Ann Street, the dean of downtown booksellers, was persuaded to come uptown for lunch. Knowing Ike Mendoza's fidelity to the Ann Street region, this was conjectured to be his first lunch uptown in many years. With good-humored interest he gazed upon the tall buildings of the Grand Central zone, and was enrolled as a member of the Grillparzer Club. He was particularly pleased by having had, that same day, a customer ask for a set of the works of Charles Brockden Brown, for the first time in Mr. Mendoza's 40 years experience. He had it.

The trade looks forward with interest to Mr. Donald Gordon's book review column—*The Literary Lowbrow*—which is to be a new department in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Gordon in his bulletins written for the American News Company has shown an exceptional faculty for pithy, penetrating and just appraisal. His notes in the *S. E. P.* will spread news of current books in a very large circulation.

VOLTAIRE AT SCHOOL. "The school stoves were only lighted when the holy-water stoup in the chapel froze. But Voltaire could not stand cold, so he used to gather icicles in the courtyard and secretly throw them into the stoup. That trick was an exact prefiguration of his destiny."

—André Maurois, *Voltaire* (Appleton Biographies).

W. S. H. writes to Old Quercus about an adventure at San Diego during his recent voyage to California aboard S.S. *Pennsylvania:*

> I spent the evening with Jack Gavett, Tattoo Artist, in his Tattoo Studio at 613 West Broadway. I was sailing past his place, looked in and saw Mr. Gavett not tattooing. I walked in announcing that I didn't want to be tattooed, but could I please look at the pretty pictures. Pictures—designs rather—of flags, of clipper ships, broken hearts, eagles, dragons devouring maidens, dragons doing nothing, portraits of sweethearts and wives, mottoes of devotion, sentiments of affection, pictures religious, demoniac, historic; and anything you don't see, ask for and Mr. Gavett will place it indelibly upon any portion of your anatomy you wish. Prices range from $1.50 for "small" (one broken heart) to $100 for a complete "Last Supper" in full color. Or, for the same price, "Rock of Ages," a favorite. Dragons, small, are in favor with the SS. *Pennsylvania* crew, and that very day two $3 ones and a more elaborate creature at $5 had been stippled on fo'castle forearms.
>
> Tattoo is easy to put on nowadays, and quick. Just an electric needle, with vegetable colors, chemically pure. If a pattern palls after a time, or if the family raises hell immediately, Mr. Gavett will apply his talents in negative fashion and remove the offending picture. Hairy chests have to be shaved. And just to show you there's no social deadline between the tattoed and the non-tattoeed please bear in mind the fact that His Majesty, the King of England, has on his right forearm a small dragon—I saw a picture of it. Done, of course, when he was a midshipman.
>
> Styles and fashion change in tattoo circles as in everything else. Today it's the Red Cross Nurse, a Tiger's Head, Felix the Cat, Mutt & Jeff, Old Pop-Eye. Black cats are popular for good luck. The Aviator's Club of Los Angeles puts its trust in a Black Cat and No. 13; each member bears that defiant charm.
>
> Mr. Gavett (I should be calling him Professor, as his sign reads) will not have it that tattooing is to be considered purely esthetic. How about the fact that he can, to quote him, "fix a young lady up with a nifty pair of cupid's lips that won't come off under any pressure"! Hair-line eyebrows, peach-bloom cheeks; really I was surprised not to see a queue of women at his door. And if that isn't sufficiently practical, how about the prominent San Diego man who had his wife's birth date placed on his arm so he would not forget it? Professor G. is strong for imprinting babies at birth, on the sole of the foot if you like, so the wrong mamas and papas wouldn't get them. That, I imagine, would tickle. I almost fell for a treatment myself; my fancy inclining to an American flag, which, when I wriggled my forearm tendons, would wave. I returned to the ship just in time.

What is said to be the largest known Caxton—"The Golden Legend," printed at Westminster in 1483—has been purchased in London by Dr. Rosenbach, the American collector.

A miracle

happens in this book. The kind of miracle which in a writer's secret heart, justifies everything. That is, the unexpected emergence of a Character, who gets up and moves around by unpremeditated vitality. Minnie Hutzler just walked in and took charge. She was one of those rare and thrilling people who seem to know What It's All About. ¶ She became the capable manager of Richard Roe's office, then of his heart. She knew his hopes, dreams and fears; the secret of the Iron Ration that he had put away for a long journey. You come to know her so well yourself that you can even imagine how she signed her dear, though uneuphonic name. ¶ It is she who, in the end, phrases the riddle of human being: "Does anybody ever know anybody?" . . . and we wonder . . . Many ardent admirers have urged us to give Minnie an ad. They want others to know her. ¶ Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't already know her, may we present Miss Hutzler? You may meet her now in any bookstore in . . .

HUMAN BEING

by

Christopher Morley

$2.50 Fifth Large Printing

Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

One of the books which President Hoover found time to read, and which any one else might well read, is "New Horizons in American Life: Our Universities, and Trends in Popular Thought" by John Jay Chapman. Published by Columbia University Press, price $1.50.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. First lesson free. Send 250-350 words on any subject. Enclose addressed envelope with return postage. Particulars later. C. Harlequin Lambrequin, Box 1, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

FRENCH, German, Italian; special attention accent; reduced rate small groups; experienced linguist, successful teacher. Hall, 242 W. 103rd, N. Y. Phone CLarkson 2-7157.

YOUNG man, 24, University Graduate, will act as secretary-companion to gentleman for maintenance; research and secretarial experience. City, country or travel. Box 108.

GRANNY afghan — handmade, beautiful heirloom, $42. We need the shekels and lack heirs anyway! Box 109.

GENTLEMAN student, 24, limited means, greatly appreciate opportunity attend opera, drama, recitals. Box 110.

YOUNG man, literary tastes, isolated in New York, would like to hear from, meet, likeminded, similarly situated young lady. Objects: reading, talking, walking, eating (Dutch). Blue Boy, c/o *Saturday Review*.

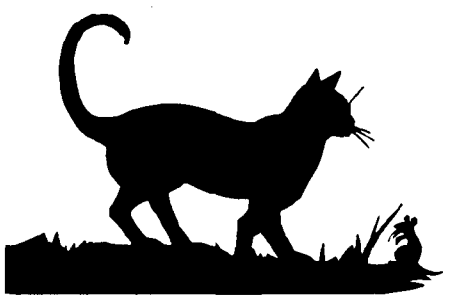
YOUNG, charming, cultured, unhappy, seeks companion in misery. JILTED.

LITTLE THEATRE groups planning spring productions: Director with long experience is available to stage your plays intelligently and to advise on successful exploitation. His work with prominent amateur and professional companies highly endorsed. Confidences exchanged. DIRECTOR, c/o *Saturday Review*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE open this week's department to our correspondents. First we print a communication from *R. W. Withers* of the law firm of McKay, Withers & Ramsey of Tampa, Florida. Alas, Mr. Withers is only too well justified in his criticism of our use of the word "judiciary," just after we had been speaking of the Governor of New Jersey. It was a bad slip. We do not agree with him, of course, concerning the extradition of the author of 'I am a



SILHOUETTE OF BUMBLE

Fugitive," nor do we think the discussion of religion or law entirely unsuitable in this department. But our correspondent has a right to his own opinion:

> As a charter subscriber to the *Review* I (provoked by the contents of the December 31 "Phoenix Nest"), for the first time exercise that right to one bite which our common law grants even to a dog. Long used to regard your name line as typical of that humor which is pungent through antithesis, I have thought of you as no Phoenix but as a nice humming bird darting from literary flower to flower (or sometimes weed to weed). Hence my chagrin when the humming bird solemnly lights on a stump and attempts philosophy and law.
>
> With reference to Christianity, I feel much as you do, but think the better taste is silence. Touching the extradition of criminals I differ from you flatly and entirely. But the point is that such questions have no just place in the confines of your department, and when you broach them you not only tend to make the judicious grieve, but bump your own head. Do you remember the Biblical injunction touching the mote, the beam, and the eye, and the remark of Shakespeare about the engineer who was hoist upon his own petard? Yours is that eye, and you are that engineer. Your just criticism touching the illiterate use of "infer" for "intimate," and "envious" for "enviable," stumps its own toe when you make the solemn and entirely extraneous observation: "We heartily congratulate the Governor of New Jersey upon his refusing extradition in the case of the author of "I am a Fugitive.' Fearless independence among our *judiciary* is a virtue that will always have our enthusiastic endorsement. It is a virtue rarely found."
>
> Sayest thou so? Passing up your use of "among," which in this connection has a passing strange sound, just when did the Governor of New Jersey become a member of the judiciary of that State? I had considered him as the chief executive officer and have thought that extradition was solely an executive function, the enforcement of which rested on conscience and the oath of office, no judicial machinery having been provided for its enforcement. I rest in the firm conviction that were extradition a justiciable question—and not dependent, as here, on the extra legal fiat of an executive sentimentalist—your pseudo-literary highway robber and forger would now be singing "Water Boy" in Georgia. Naughty, naughty, please don't do it again.

Margaret L. James of Urbana, Ohio, thinks we should not have spoken of the Christian religion as we did:

> After reading "The Phoenix Nest" for this week (31 December) I wish to cry aloud: "This also will never do." To see this coarse, irreverent, ill-timed comment on the Christian belief in your paper, is a disheartening experience which readers of a serious review should not be called upon to go through.
>
> Incidentally, where is "The Phœnician's" sense of humor which should have prevented his following up his conceited reference to his attack on slovenly English with his description of the story of Adam and Eve "as a swell story"? Don't we readers deserve something better at your hands?
>
> Madam, you deserve the best we have to offer; but sometimes we may not agree upon just what that is. . . .

One of America's best-known poets recently received the following communication, which he sends us for insertion in The Nest. He was addressed "care Brandit and Brandit" (page *Carl Brandt!*):

> I am making a survey of all the Americian Authors and I would like for you to send me all of the material you have and also your picture. I would like to have this material right a way, also your picture too. I am writing to all of the Americian authors and the author I get the best material on I am going to have it put in the Petersburg High School Library. I will certainly appreciate this of you.
>
> Yours truly
> (Miss) Dorthy Smith.

Note well the silhouette of the cat which adorns this page! It is no common cat! *Florence Thompson Howe* writes us from Springfield, Massachusetts:

> Since "The Phœnix Nest" has harbored graciously an occasional ode to the cat, it seems fitting that it should have a profile of a literary feline.
>
> The enclosed silhouette is a picture of *Genevieve Taggard's* cat, "Bumble," cut from life by *Harriet Ellis* of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Ivan Swift of Michigan spent a month in the "tall timber" of New York on a bus ride through the "slashings," in the fall, and sent us this on a post-card:

ON THE OLD COACH ROAD
1632-1932

Stone walls stand alone in Westport,
And the road curves to keep in the valleys.
There are slips for ships of a sort,
And salt-seagulls man the alleys—
As of old and older days.
Washington rode these ways
And Putnam and Hester Prynne;
And I ride today to Lynn—
My Puritan forebears' "living"—
To eat and drink Thanksgiving.

Dodd, Mead corrects us; there having been another Omnibus of Adventure:

> Two years ago we published a delightful and successful book, edited by *John Grove* and entitled "The Omnibus of Adventure." It contains forty-four complete stories by the world's greatest romantic writers, including *Conrad, Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis, Melville, Clark Russell, Rudyard Kipling,* and others. Incidentally, we have a companion volume to it, built on the same general plan, called "The Omnibus of Romance."
>
> Incidentally, if the Longmans "Omnibus of Adventure" contains "From Job to Job around the World" by *Fletcher,* that story alone makes the volume decidedly worth while. I remember reading "From Job to Job" many years ago and still recall the thrill of it. Fletcher, I believe, went down on the *Vestris.*

Apropos of a recent discovery at Hoosick, N. Y., allow us to say:

NATTY BUMPPO'S GRAVE

Steamshovel, tear and shear,
Unearth the pioneer,
The Slayer of the Deer!

Far from any habitation
On a pregnant elevation
Bare the bones that made a nation!

Tell the Board of Rensselaer
The Pathfinder is here,
The Slayer of the Deer;

Skeleton in long constriction.
Deaf to praise or malediction,
Pith of Fenimore Cooper's fiction!

Steamshovel, uprear,—
Clank for the pioneer,
The Slayer of the Deer!

Whitely stripped of leathery pride,
Trapped in wood-rot, where he died,
Lies the trapper and the guide.

Spread his bones before the nation
On a pregnant elevation;
Comment on his alteration!

Steamshovel and gear,
Mechanical and queer,
Attend the pioneer!

Earth his bones in inhumation—
Then, returning to your station,
Roar your chant of civilization!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Viking Galley

NO DRAINS. Symbols of all he despised, Mr. Chilvester bitterly fought drains, electricity, all inroads of the new era. Every crumb of his affection he lavished on Chilvester House, beautiful, stately anachronism. Not so his daughters whose revolt is the poignant counterpoint of Edith Olivier's novel, MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS. Well-drawn characters, interesting complications, a good book. . . ($2.50) **GRISCHA,** ironic indictment of war's stupidity, was widely read, critically lauded. YOUNG WOMAN OF 1914, is the companion volume in the series in which Arnold Zweig pictures the real effects of war. Sensitive romance, it penetrates the depths of a woman's love and emotions in time of war ($2.50) **PATRIOT, PANDAR, PRIEST**—that was Josephus—Rome's historian whose name now titles Lion Feuchtwanger's epic of a Jew who championed and betrayed his race. POWER (JEW SÜSS), SUCCESS, were each studies of men against titanic backgrounds. In JOSEPHUS the man is more dramatic, the background more immense than in any previous Feuchtwanger novel. ($2.50) **WHITHER, WHITHER** is a fair question to ask Technocrats. Far-flung economic theories seem to concern the layman not at all. So Harold Loeb has written LIFE IN A TECHNOCRACY to tell us how we would live, love, work and play if Price Engineers were in the saddle. A brand-new picture of Technocracy, the practical picture of a changed social order ($1.75) **GOSPEL.** In 1921 Thorstein Veblen wrote THE ENGINEERS AND THE PRICE SYSTEM ($1.50). Twelve years later the Herald-Tribune, re-reading, called it "the original gospel from which the theories of Technocracy have been developed." Now it's a best-seller. Queer business, publishing . . .

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK
In Canada: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

THE WHITE COCKATOO
is the new
Mignon G. Eberhart
mystery—

ONE OF HER BEST—says Donald Gordon of the author whose first mystery was an international best-seller, whose second won the Scotland Yard Prize, whose books appear in nine different languages, who has never written a failure, and whose most brilliant, exciting, glamorous thriller is this breathless tale of the chill old French hotel and of the sinister white cockatoo, whose black eye were to see murder stalk the lonely rooms, strike through the half-opened doors of the antique, incongruous, elevator; to watch the secret of the Napoleon clock, of the desperate woman with silver heels, of the whole pulsing tide of terror that swept lives and fortunes headlong before it. For thrills, excitement, adventure, don't miss this most satisfying thriller of the new year.

The CRIME CLUB SELECTION for January---$2.00 at all bookstores

TECHNOCRACY

When an exciting new idea sweeps through the press, the thinking man demands a lucid, an authoritative exposition. The source of it all is contained in one brief, readable volume which the Herald Tribune calls, "The original gospel from which the theories of Technocracy have been developed." $1.50.

The ENGINEERS and the PRICE SYSTEM
by Thorstein Veblen
VIKING PRESS • NEW YORK

Investment Counsel In Books

Would you like to eliminate the element of chance in your book buying? Would you like to be absolutely sure that the book you contemplate adding to your library is the one you want? Let The Saturday Review of Literature act as your Investment Counsel. It is performing this service for thousands of book readers, both in this country and abroad, and it can do the same for you. Its unbiased and authoritative reviews, written by experts in the various fields, provide a reliable guide to the best in current literature. The Saturday Review will not only save you from buying the wrong books, it will prevent you from missing the right ones.

For the modest sum of $3.50 you will have 52 weeks of stimulating reading, and at the end of 1933 you will be able to look back with satisfaction at your book purchases during the year.

If you will send your name and address to our Circulation Department, we shall be glad to enter your subscription at once, or with any issue you designate.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED